101-5

FEAR IN THE NIGHT

COMPLETE MYSTERY

DEC.
NO. 3

BOOK-LENGTH

10¢
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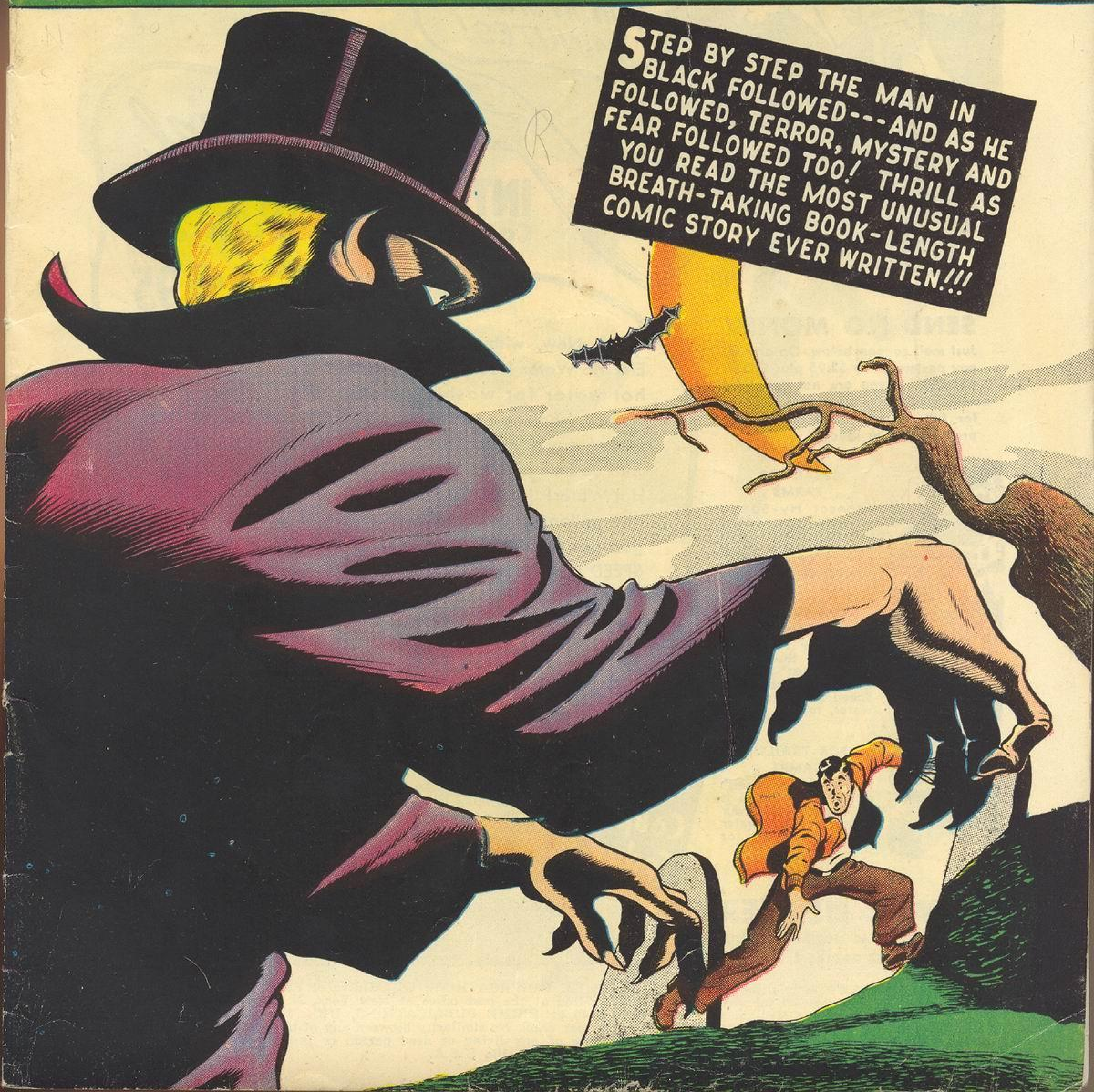
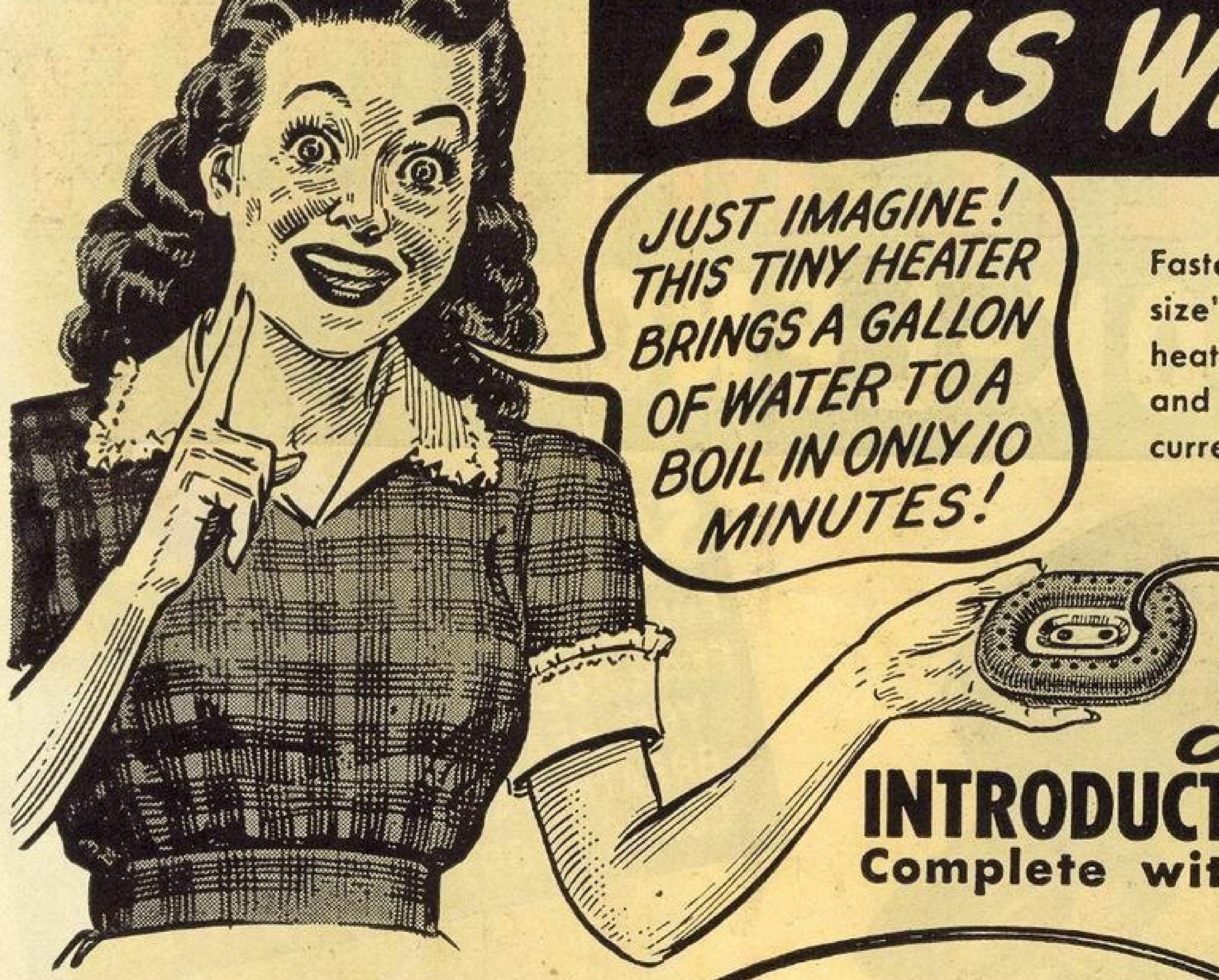


STEP BY STEP THE MAN IN BLACK FOLLOWED---AND AS HE FOLLOWED, TERROR, MYSTERY AND FEAR FOLLOWED TOO! THRILL AS YOU READ THE MOST UNUSUAL BREATH-TAKING BOOK-LENGTH COMIC STORY EVER WRITTEN!!!

R

Amazing New

ELECTRIC HEATER INVENTION BOILS WATER


JUST IMAGINE! THIS TINY HEATER BRINGS A GALLON OF WATER TO A BOIL IN ONLY 10 MINUTES!

Faster than gas or oil. "Hand-size" HY-SPEED Electric Heater heats water for all Home, Farm and Business Use! AC or DC current!

Special

INTRODUCTORY OFFER

Complete with 6-foot cord

ONLY **$2.95**

Now, with new HY-SPEED Electric Water Heater, enjoy instant hot water for washing dishes, clothes, shaving, sterilizing, cleaning, etc., in summer or winter, day or night! Just place handy HY-SPEED in container with desired amount of water—in a short time have Steaming Hot Water! HY-SPEED boils one quart of water in 3 minutes; one gallon in just 10 minutes! Excellent for homes, farms, garages, wherever electricity is available! Amazing HY-SPEED is no bigger than your hand—yet built to last years! Originally $3.75, now yours for only $2.95! Order this money-saving electric heater today!

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Just mail coupon below. On arrival, pay postman only $2.95 plus C.O.D. postage. If you are not delighted with HY-SPEED, return in 10 days for full refund. (Cash orders sent prepaid). Order today!

IDEAL FOR FARMS

Connect Hy-Speed wherever needed! Get hot water quick for washing milk pails, separators, churns, etc.

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No longer need you heat up the whole cottage just for hot water. Portable Hy-Speed saves time and water, too!

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Perfect for "cramped" quarters! Hy-Speed is no bigger than your hand, yet heats water faster than gas or oil!

NU-WAY HEATER CO.
Dept. 54 L 148 MONROE AVENUE, N.W
GRAND RAPIDS 2, MICH.

Mail This Coupon Today

Nu-Way Heater Co., Dept. 54 L
148 Monroe Ave., N.W., Grand Rapids 2, Mich.

Please rush me the amazing new Hy-Speed Electric Water Heater for only $2.95 on Money-Back Guarantee if not satisfied.

☐ Send C.O.D.
☐ Cash Enclosed. Send Postpaid.

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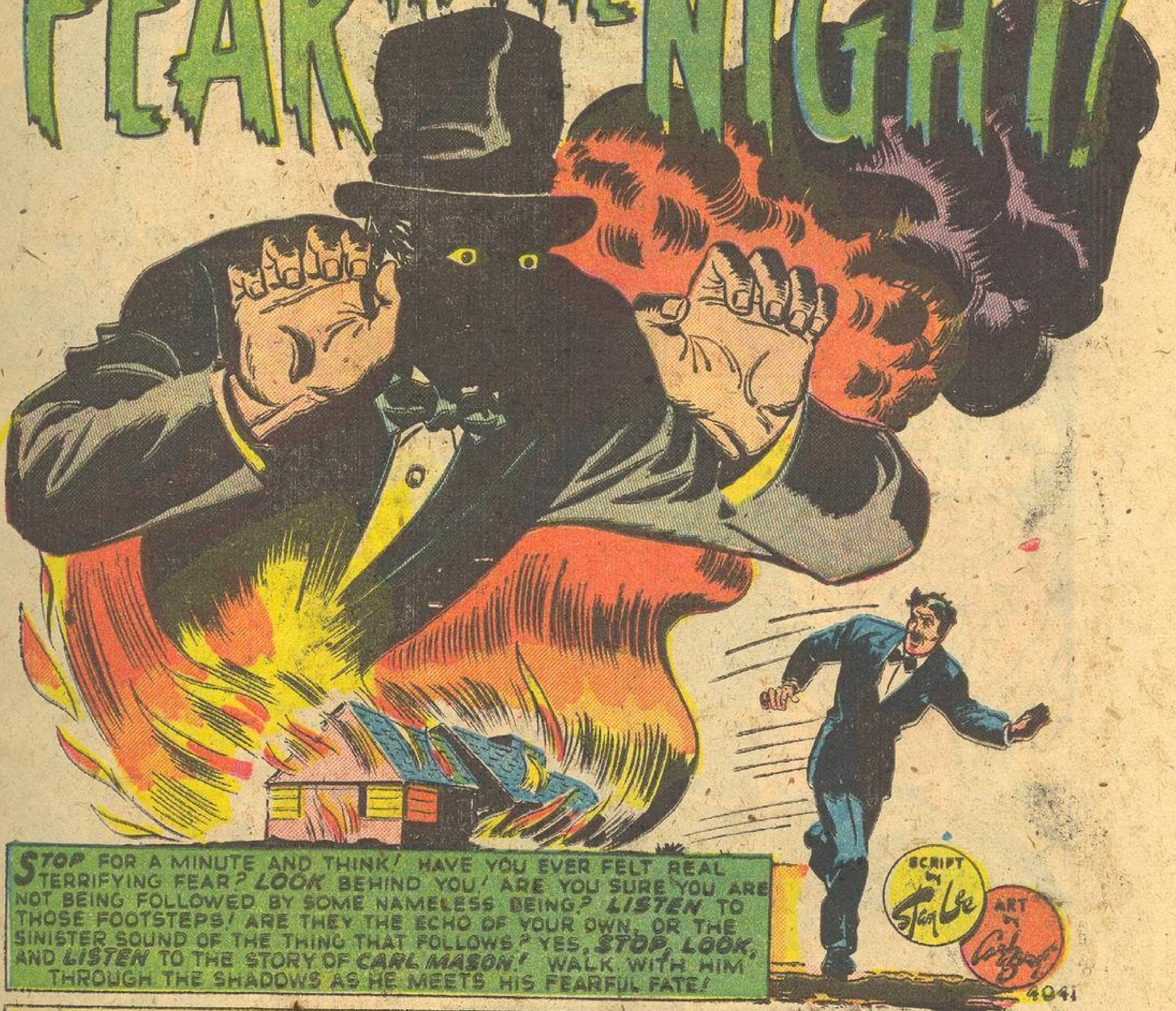
Board of Education, New York City

"FEAR IN THE NIGHT!"


STOP FOR A MINUTE AND THINK! HAVE YOU EVER FELT REAL TERRIFYING FEAR? LOOK BEHIND YOU! ARE YOU SURE YOU ARE NOT BEING FOLLOWED BY SOME NAMELESS BEING? LISTEN TO THOSE FOOTSTEPS! ARE THEY THE ECHO OF YOUR OWN, OR THE SINISTER SOUND OF THE THING THAT FOLLOWS? YES, STOP, LOOK, AND LISTEN TO THE STORY OF CARL MASON! WALK WITH HIM THROUGH THE SHADOWS AS HE MEETS HIS FEARFUL FATE!
SCRIPT by Stan Lee
ART by Carl Burgos

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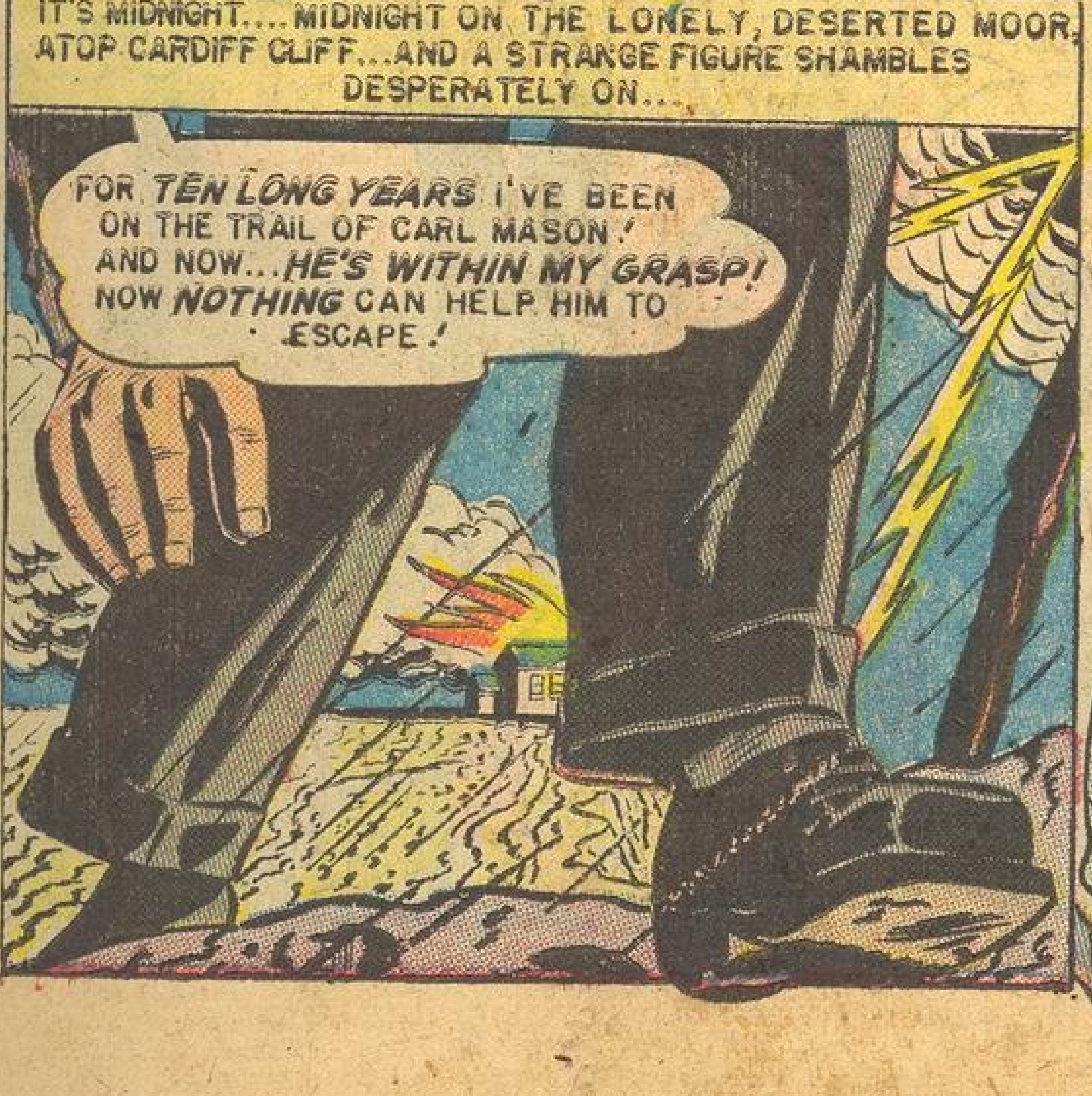
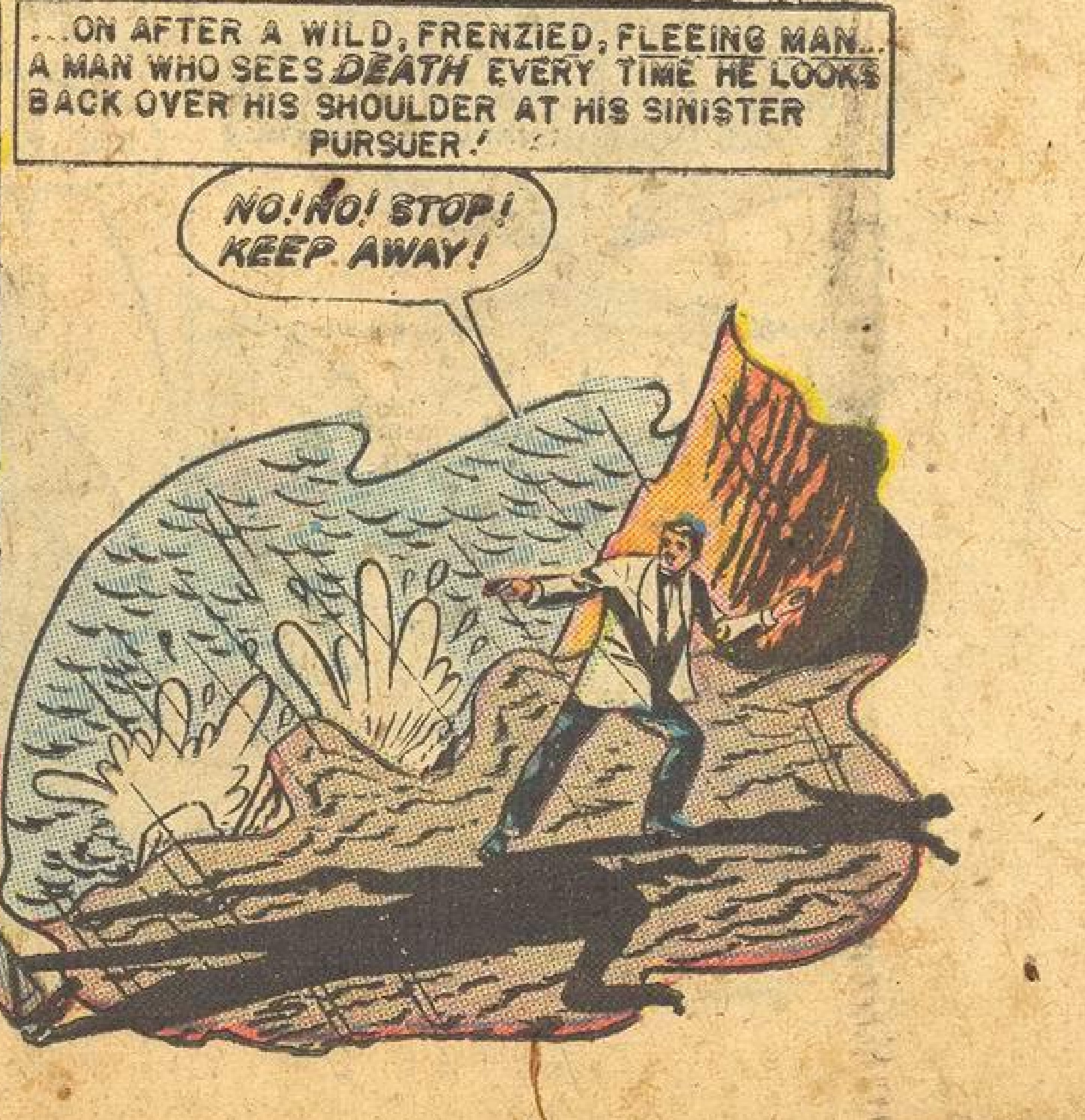
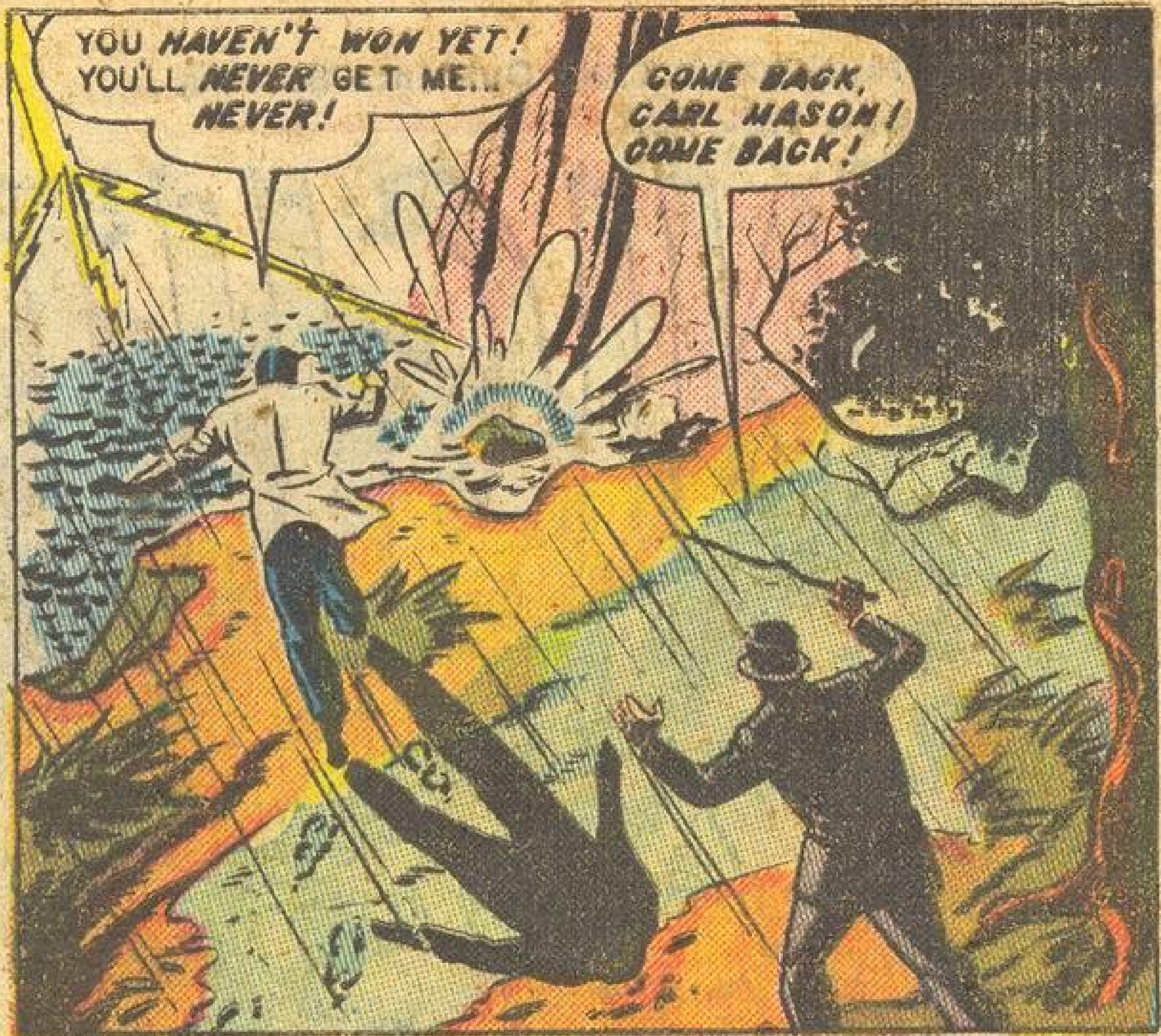
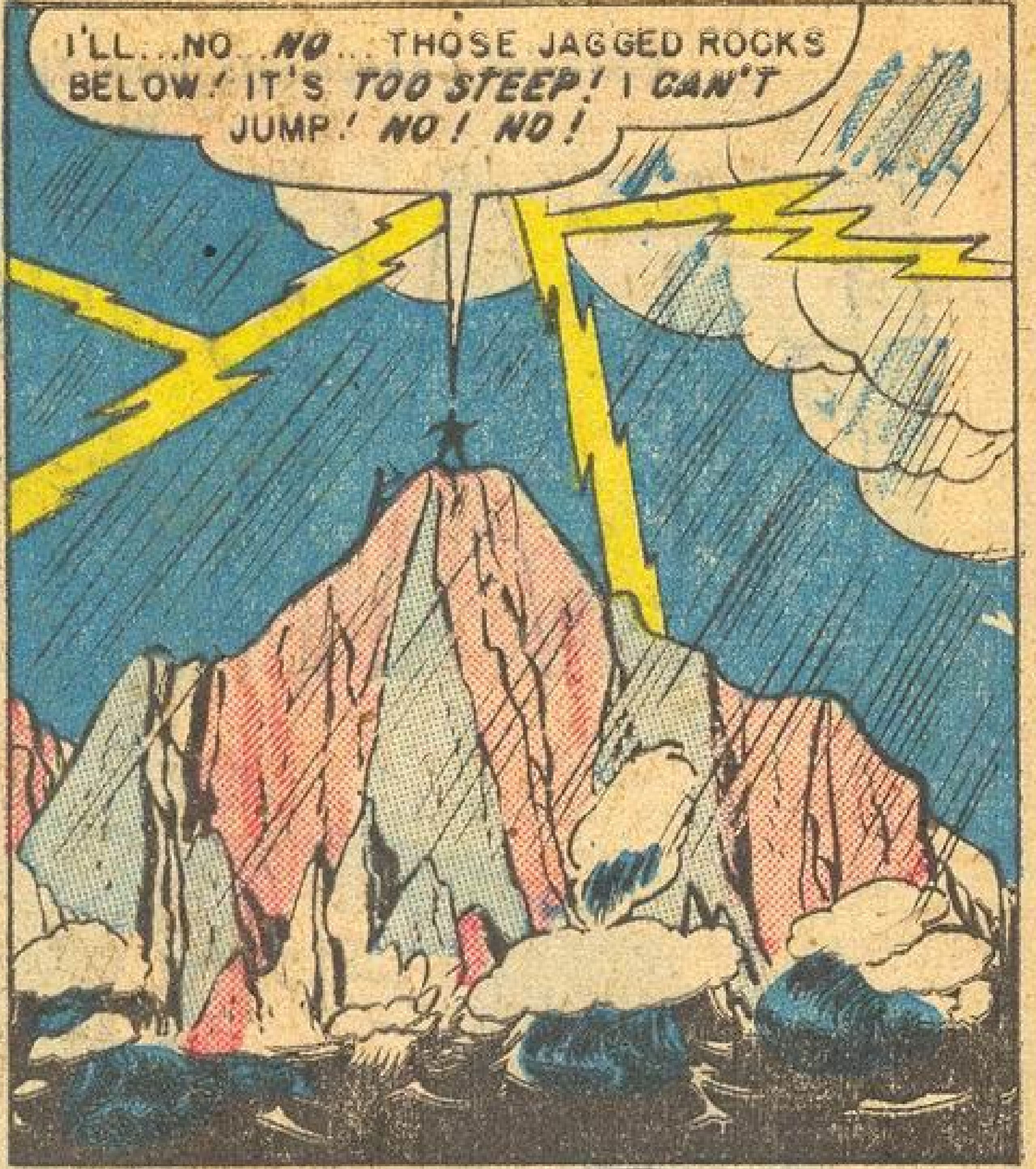
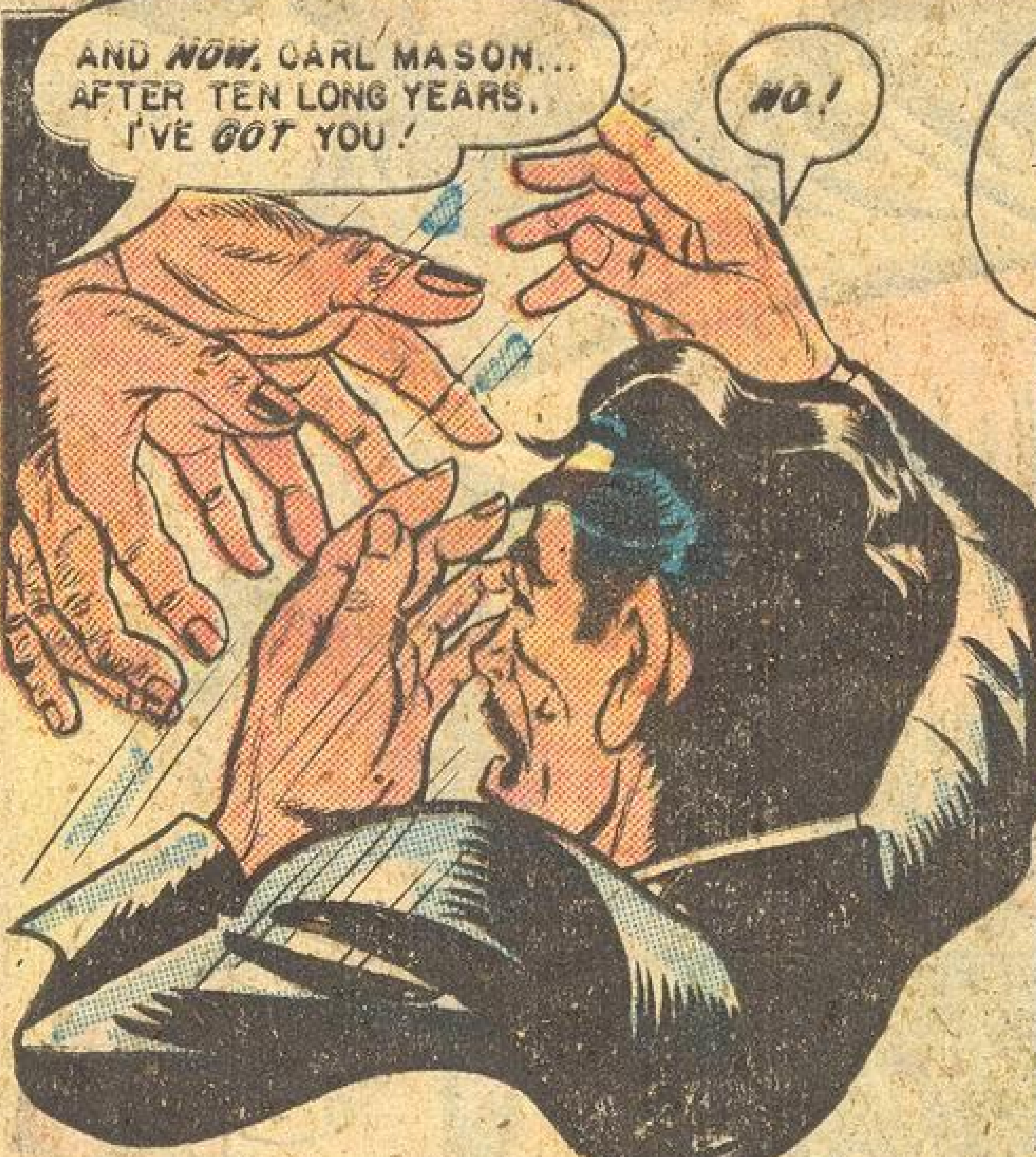

IT'S MIDNIGHT.... MIDNIGHT ON THE LONELY, DESERTED MOOR ATOP CARDIFF CLIFF... AND A STRANGE FIGURE SHAMBLES DESPERATELY ON...
FOR TEN LONG YEARS I'VE BEEN ON THE TRAIL OF CARL MASON! AND NOW... HE'S WITHIN MY GRASP! NOW NOTHING CAN HELP HIM TO ESCAPE!

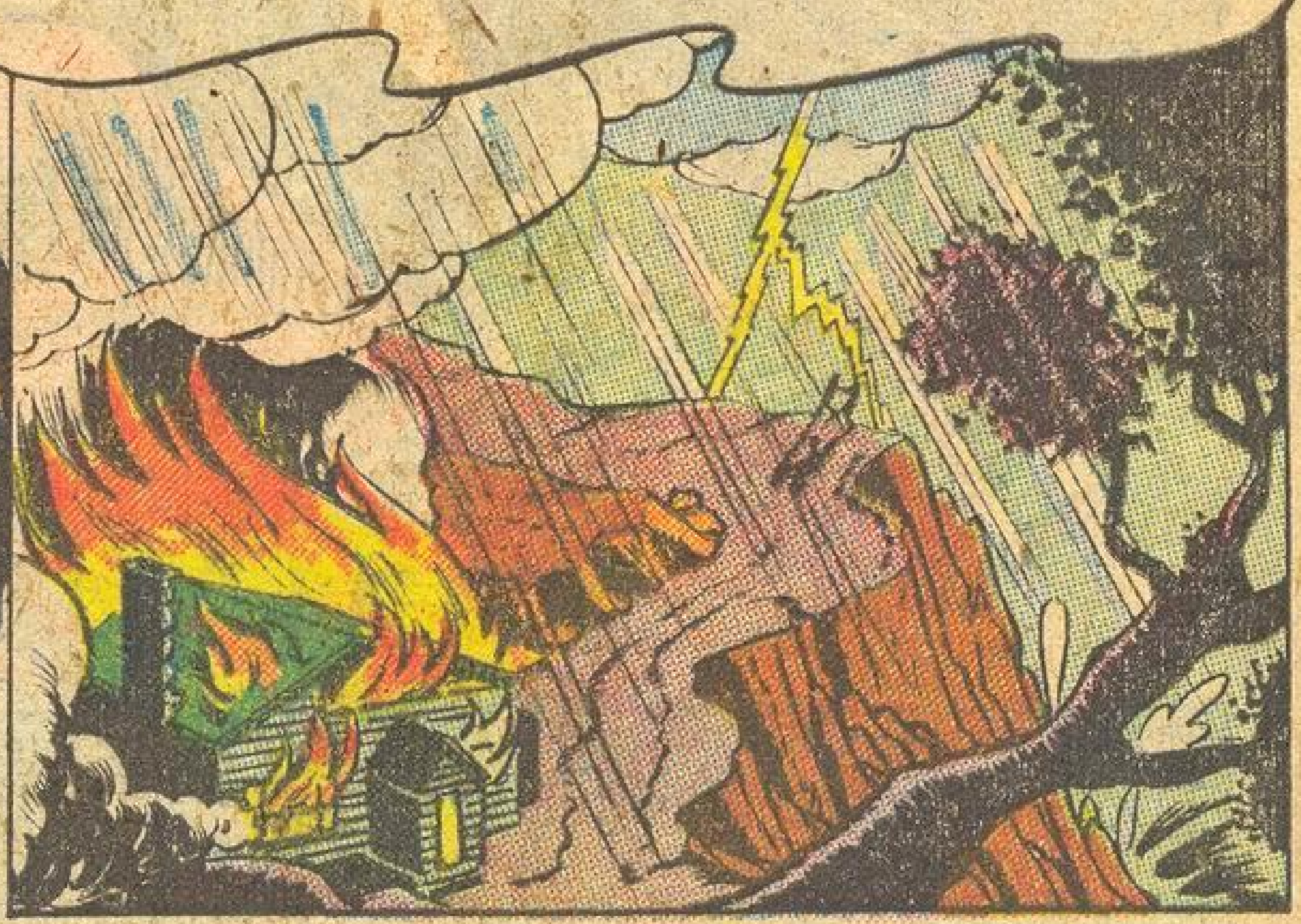

...ON AFTER A WILD, FRENZIED, FLEEING MAN... A MAN WHO SEES DEATH EVERY TIME HE LOOKS BACK OVER HIS SHOULDER AT HIS SINISTER PURSUER!
NO! NO! STOP! KEEP AWAY!


YOU *HAVEN'T WON YET!* YOU'LL *NEVER* GET ME... *NEVER!*
COME BACK, CARL MASON! COME BACK!

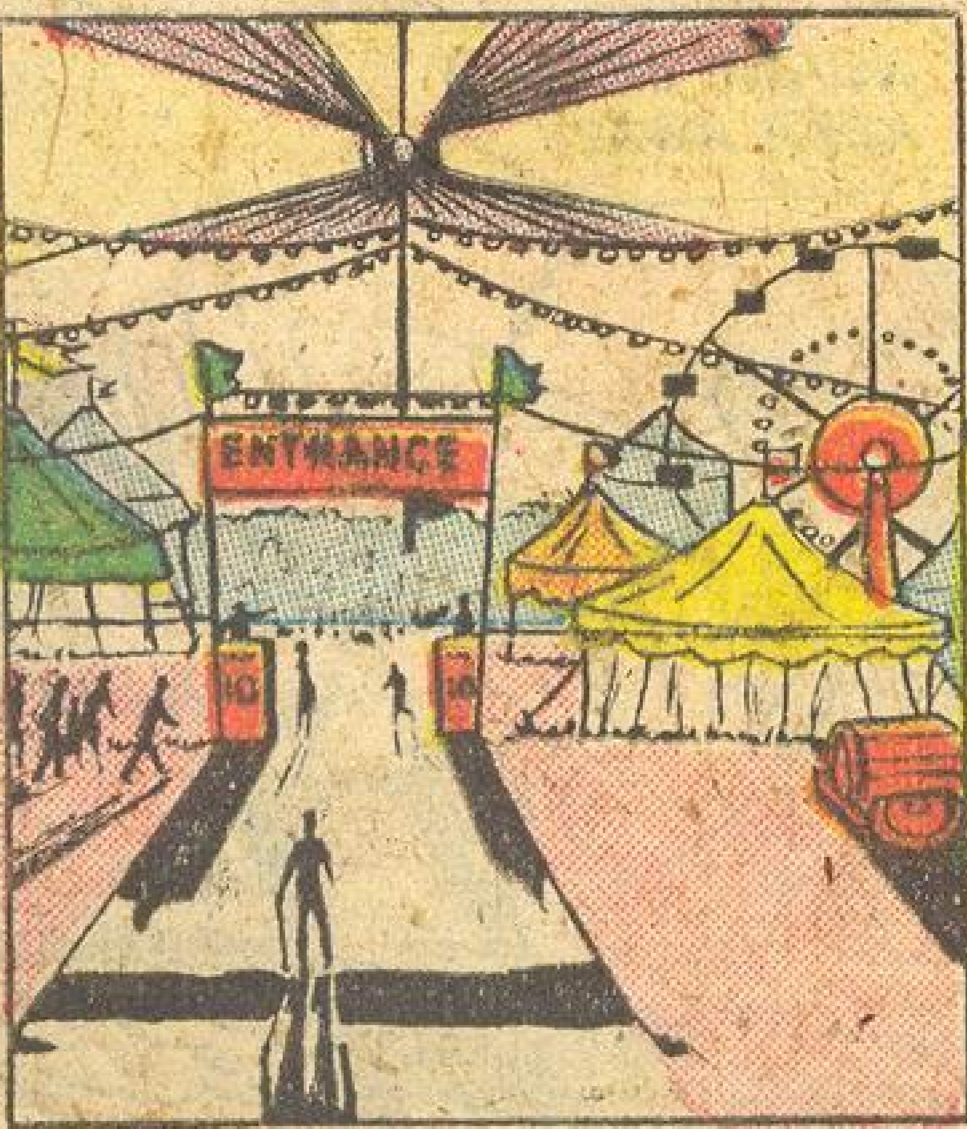

I'LL...NO...*NO*... THOSE JAGGED ROCKS BELOW! IT'S *TOO STEEP!* I CAN'T JUMP! NO! NO!


AND *NOW*, CARL MASON... AFTER TEN LONG YEARS, I'VE *GOT* YOU!
NO!

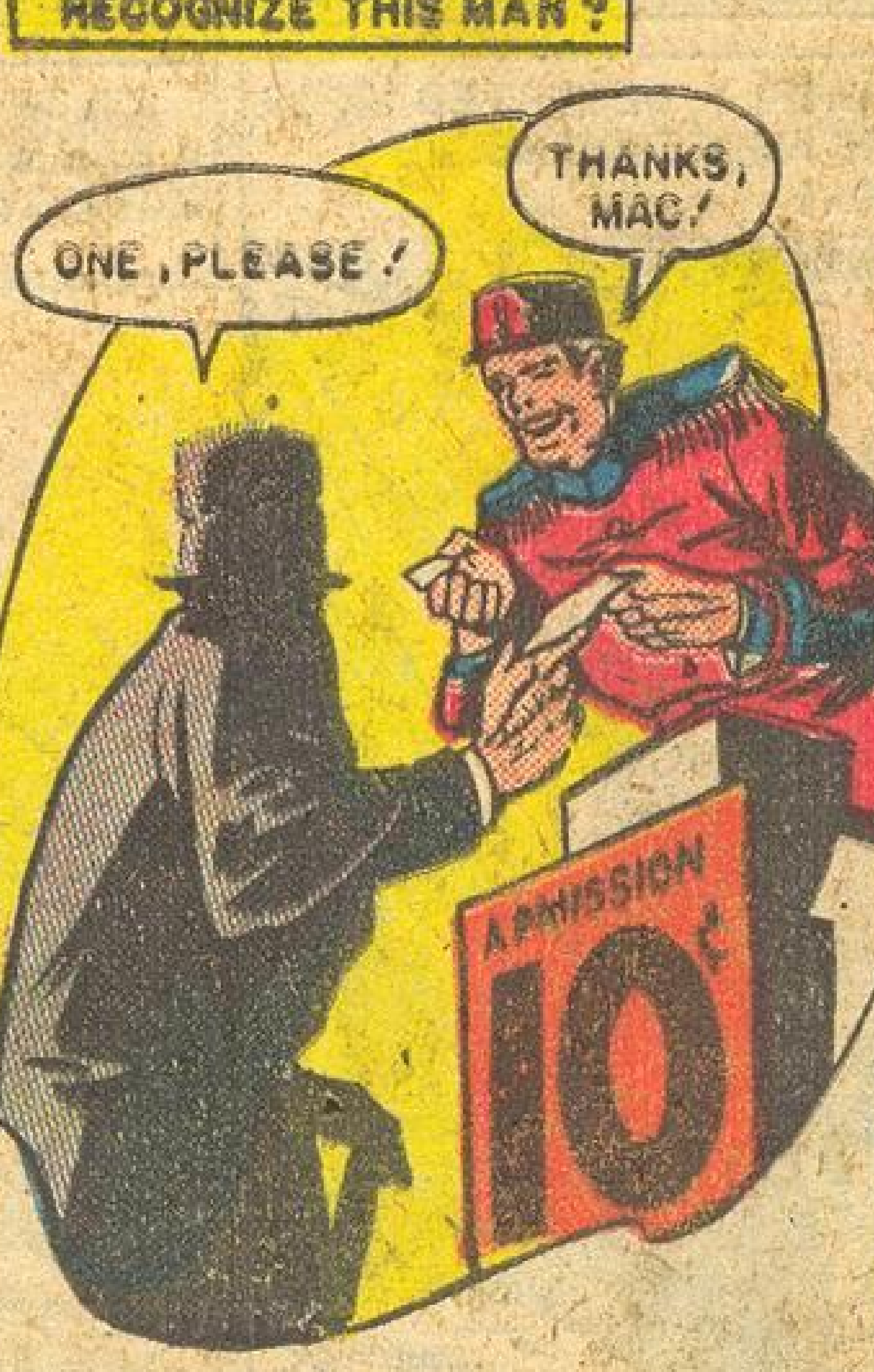
BUT WAIT! THIS CAN'T BE THE *BEGINNING* OF OUR STORY... THIS IS ALMOST THE *END! WHO ARE THESE MEN? WHERE DO THEY COME FROM?* AND WHY IS THEIR MISSION *DEATH?* LET'S GO BACK THROUGH THE YEARS, AND TRY TO TRACE THE ENTIRE, TERRIFYING TALE TO IT'S UNCANNY BEGINNING....

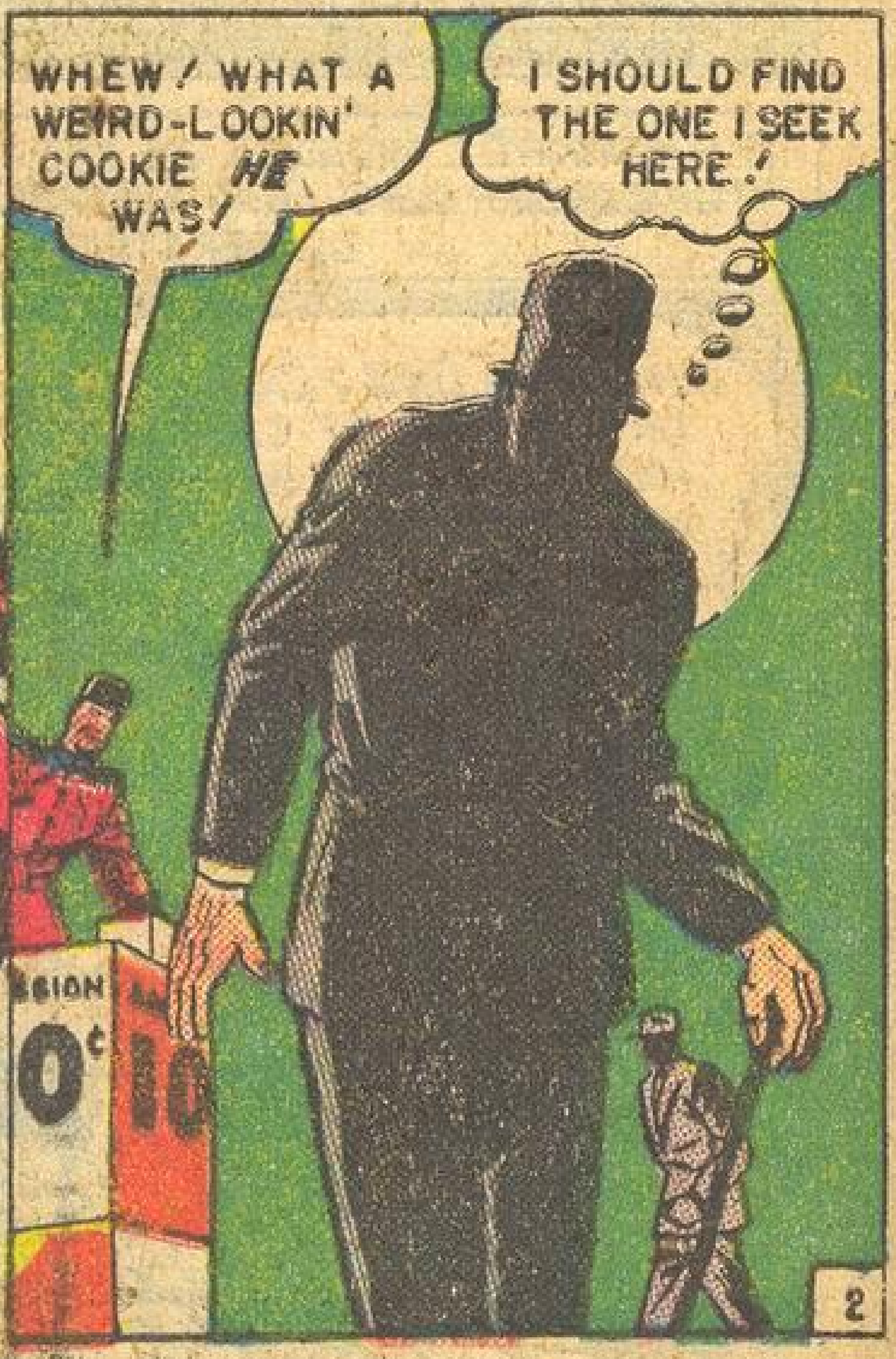


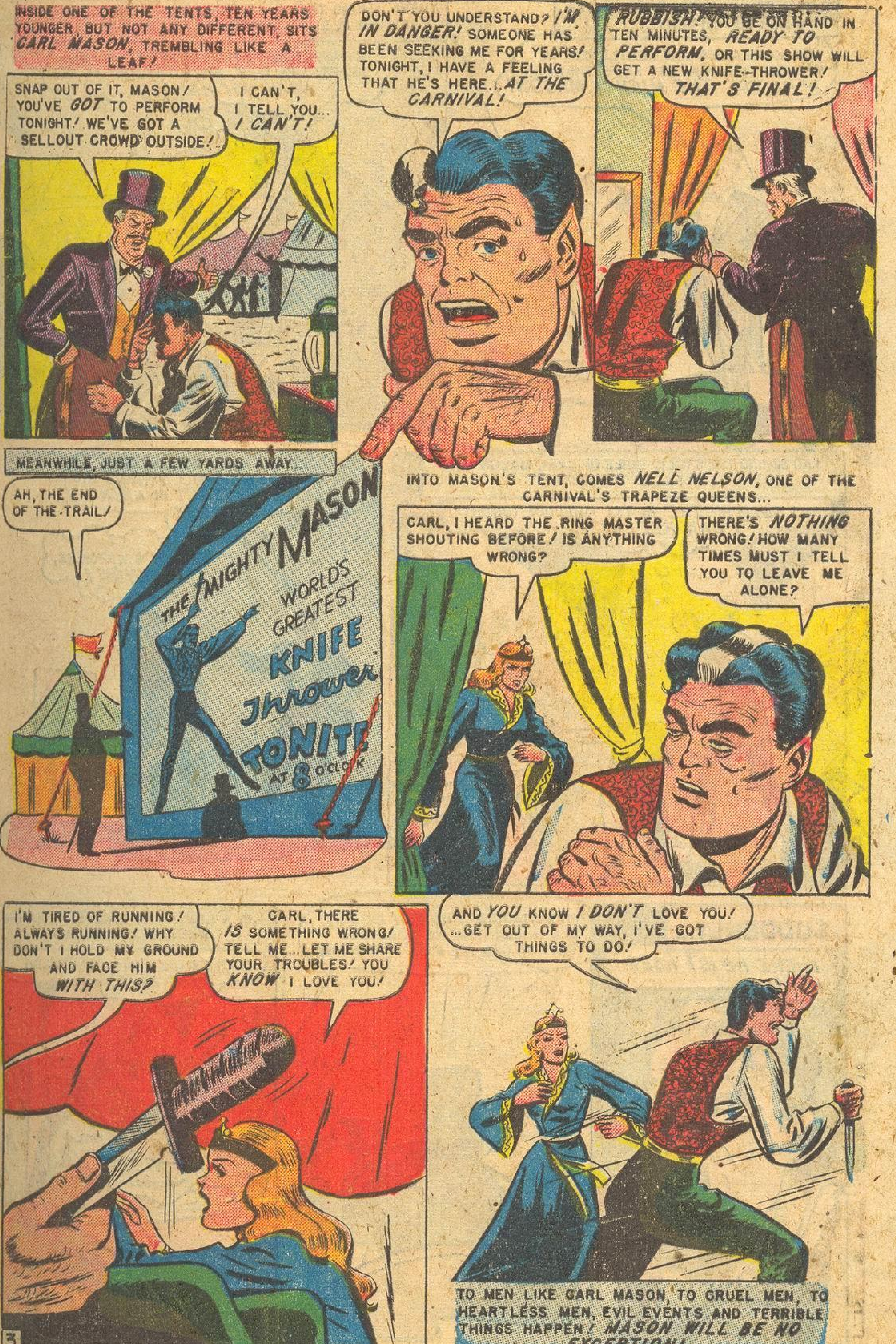
WHO COULD DREAM THAT THE STARTLING SCENE WE HAVE JUST SEEN HAD ITS ORIGIN MANY YEARS AGO IN A COLORFUL CARNIVAL?

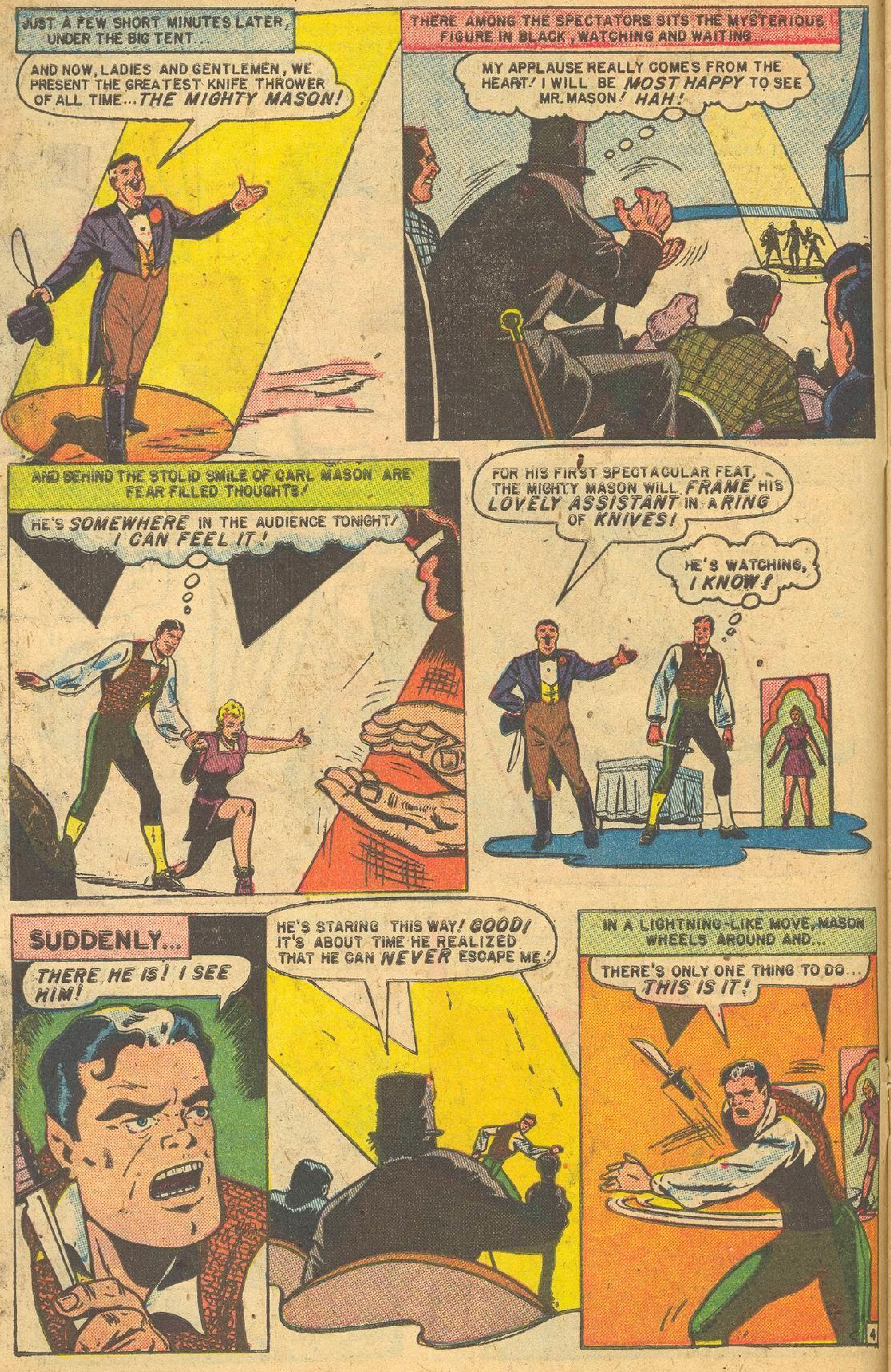

ENTRANCE
10
10

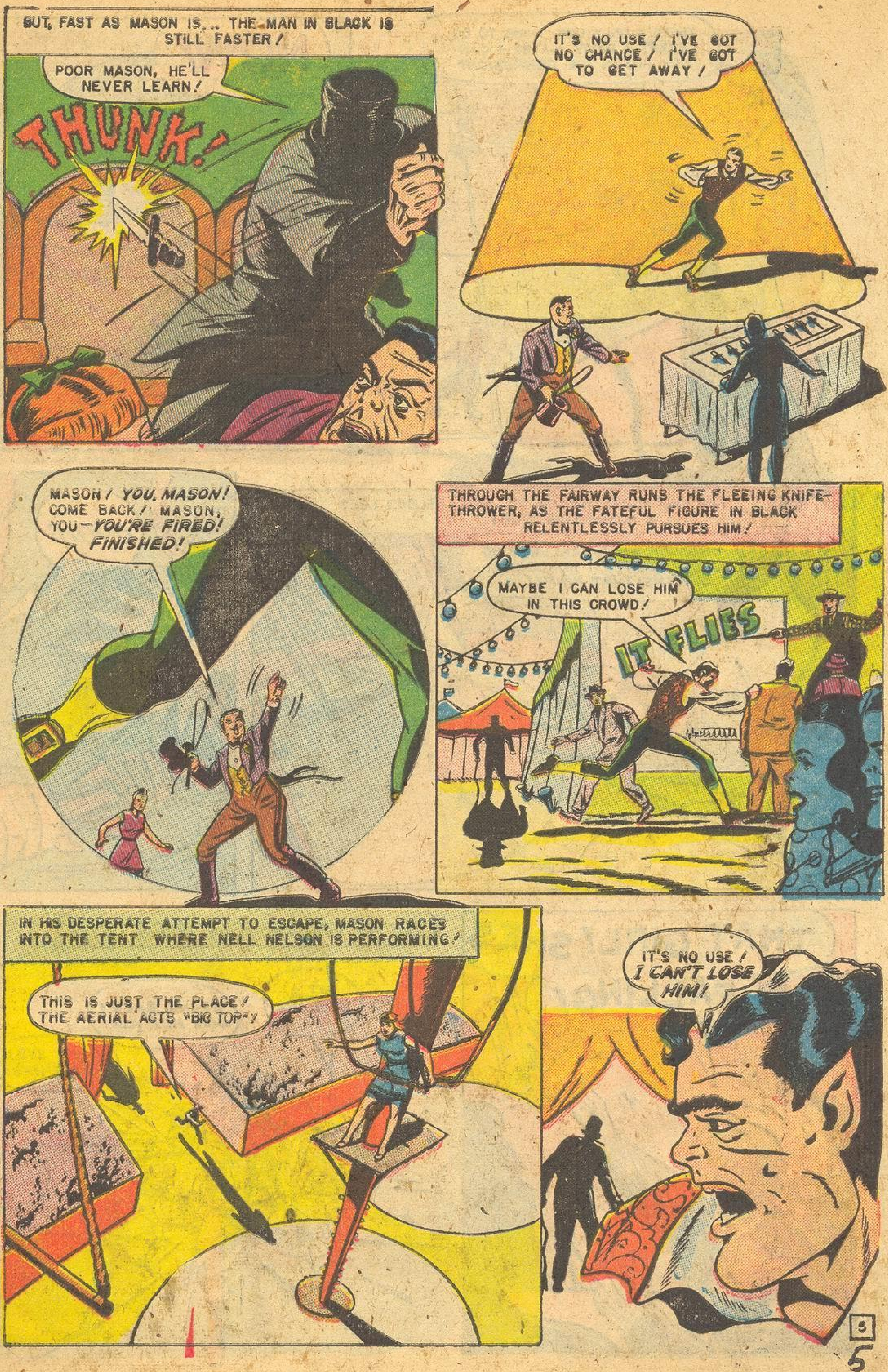
RECOGNIZE THIS MAN?

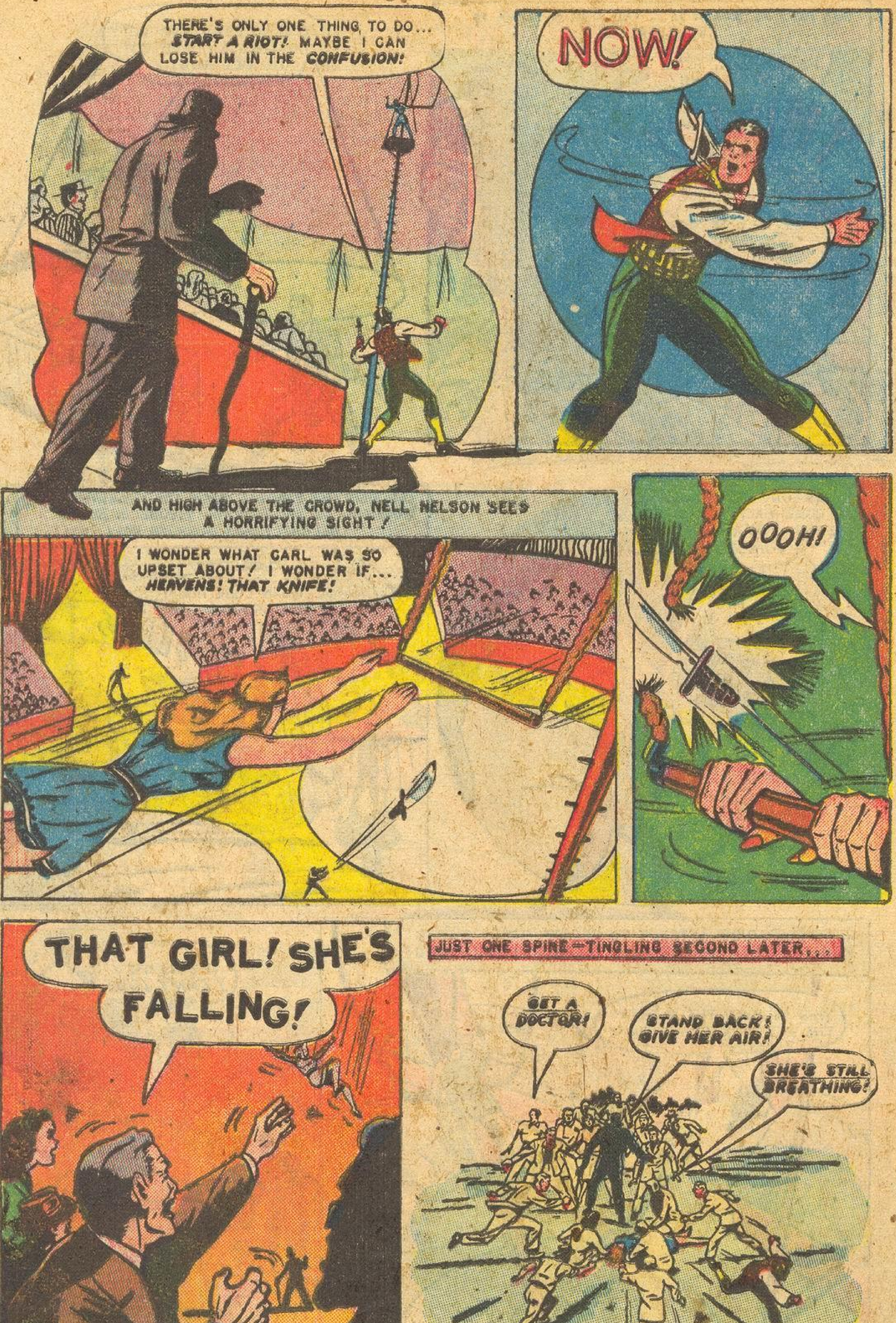

ONE, PLEASE!
THANKS, MAC!
ADMISSION 10¢

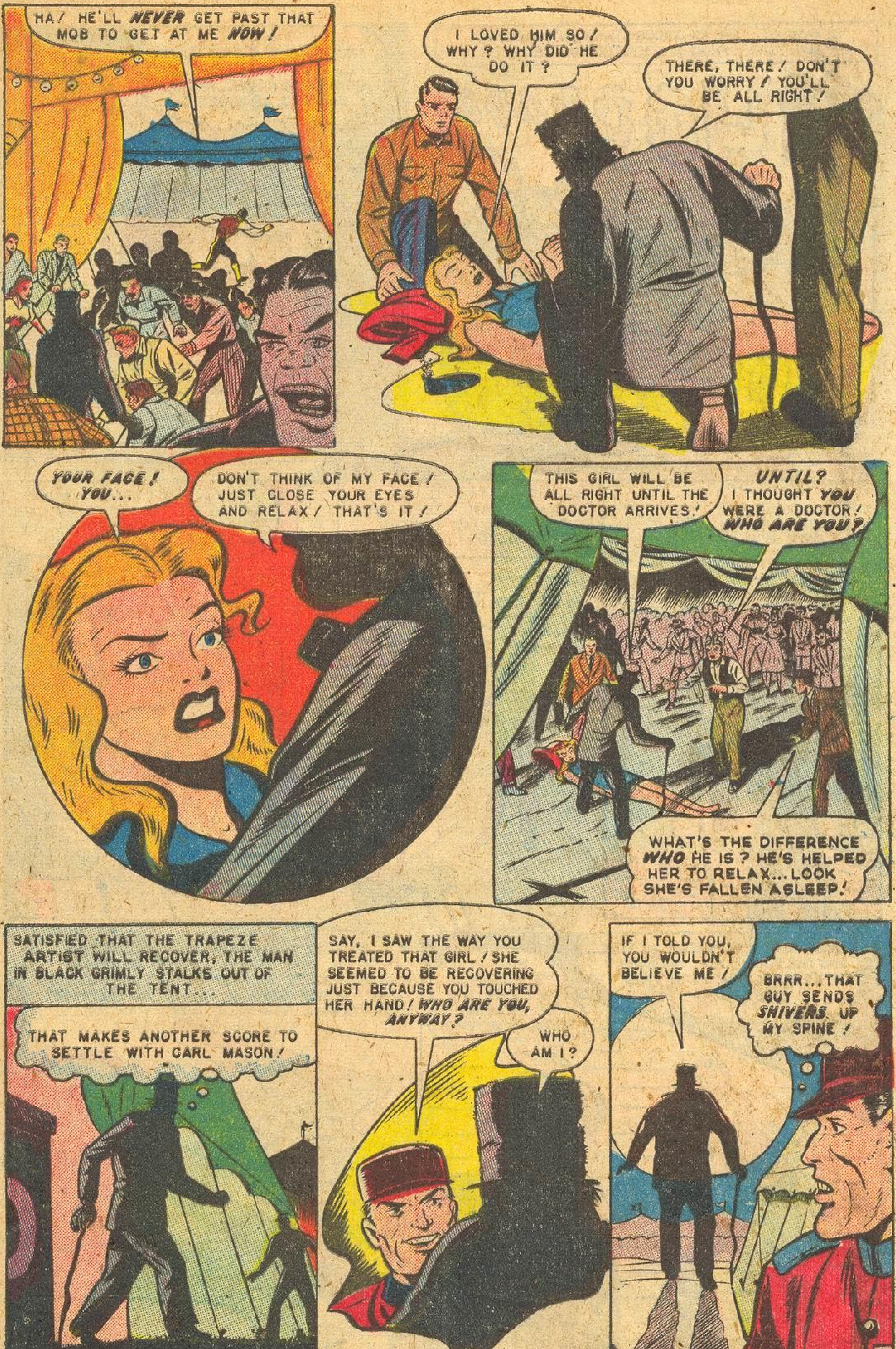

WHEW! WHAT A WEIRD-LOOKIN' COOKIE *HE* WAS!
I SHOULD FIND THE ONE I SEEK HERE!
SSION 0¢

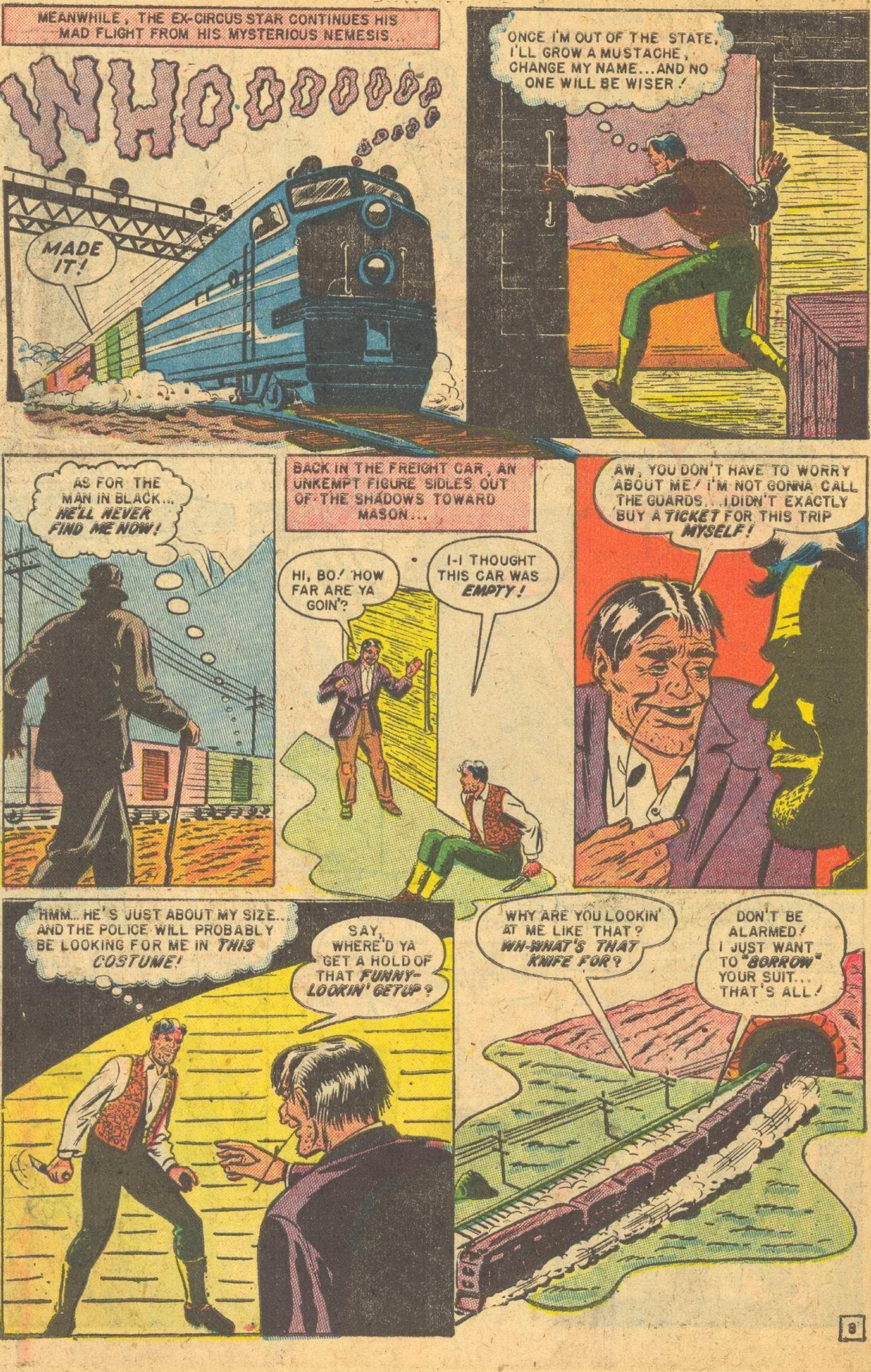

INSIDE ONE OF THE TENTS, TEN YEARS YOUNGER, BUT NOT ANY DIFFERENT, SITS CARL MASON, TREMBLING LIKE A LEAF!
SNAP OUT OF IT, MASON! YOU'VE GOT TO PERFORM TONIGHT! WE'VE GOT A SELLOUT CROWD OUTSIDE!
I CAN'T, I TELL YOU... I CAN'T!
DON'T YOU UNDERSTAND? I'M IN DANGER! SOMEONE HAS BEEN SEEKING ME FOR YEARS! TONIGHT, I HAVE A FEELING THAT HE'S HERE... AT THE CARNIVAL!
RUBBISH! YOU BE ON HAND IN TEN MINUTES, READY TO PERFORM, OR THIS SHOW WILL GET A NEW KNIFE-THROWER! THAT'S FINAL!
MEANWHILE, JUST A FEW YARDS AWAY...
AH, THE END OF THE TRAIL!
THE MIGHTY MASON WORLD'S GREATEST KNIFE THROWER TONITE AT 8 O'CLOCK
INTO MASON'S TENT, COMES NELL NELSON, ONE OF THE CARNIVAL'S TRAPEZE QUEENS...
CARL, I HEARD THE RING MASTER SHOUTING BEFORE! IS ANYTHING WRONG?
THERE'S NOTHING WRONG! HOW MANY TIMES MUST I TELL YOU TO LEAVE ME ALONE?
I'M TIRED OF RUNNING! ALWAYS RUNNING! WHY DON'T I HOLD MY GROUND AND FACE HIM WITH THIS?
CARL, THERE IS SOMETHING WRONG! TELL ME... LET ME SHARE YOUR TROUBLES! YOU KNOW I LOVE YOU!
AND YOU KNOW I DON'T LOVE YOU! ...GET OUT OF MY WAY, I'VE GOT THINGS TO DO!
TO MEN LIKE CARL MASON, TO CRUEL MEN, TO HEARTLESS MEN, EVIL EVENTS AND TERRIBLE THINGS HAPPEN! MASON WILL BE NO EXCEPTION!

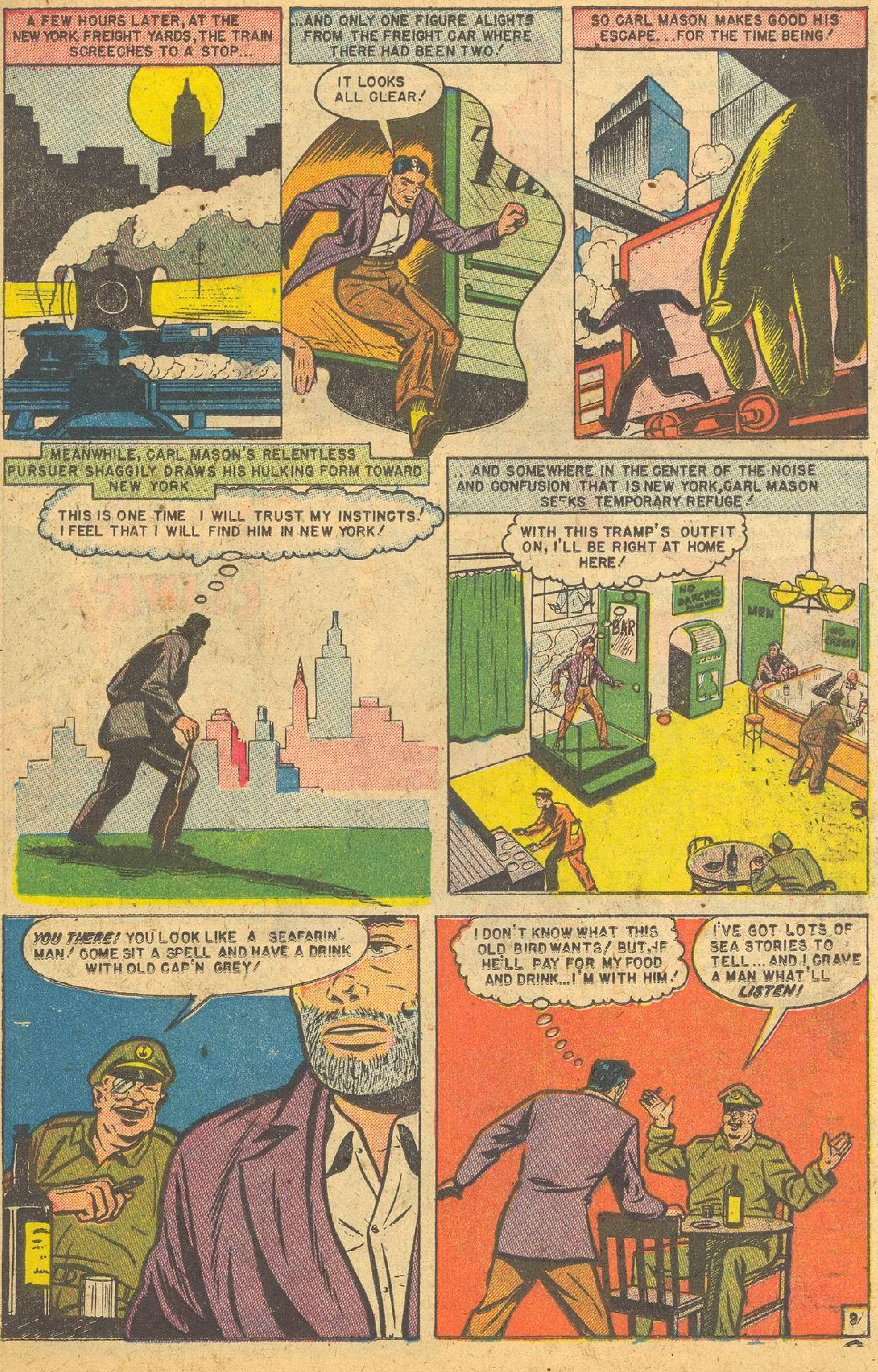

JUST A FEW SHORT MINUTES LATER, UNDER THE BIG TENT...
AND NOW, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, WE PRESENT THE GREATEST KNIFE THROWER OF ALL TIME... *THE MIGHTY MASON!*
THERE AMONG THE SPECTATORS SITS THE MYSTERIOUS FIGURE IN BLACK, WATCHING AND WAITING...
MY APPLAUSE REALLY COMES FROM THE HEART! I WILL BE *MOST HAPPY* TO SEE MR. MASON! *HAH!*
AND BEHIND THE STOLID SMILE OF CARL MASON ARE FEAR FILLED THOUGHTS!
HE'S *SOMEWHERE* IN THE AUDIENCE TONIGHT! *I CAN FEEL IT!*
FOR HIS FIRST SPECTACULAR FEAT, THE MIGHTY MASON WILL *FRAME* HIS *LOVELY ASSISTANT* IN A *RING* OF *KNIVES!*
HE'S WATCHING, *I KNOW!*
SUDDENLY...
THERE HE IS! I SEE HIM!
HE'S STARING THIS WAY! *GOOD!* IT'S ABOUT TIME HE REALIZED THAT HE CAN *NEVER* ESCAPE ME!
IN A LIGHTNING-LIKE MOVE, MASON WHEELS AROUND AND...
THERE'S ONLY ONE THING TO DO... *THIS IS IT!*

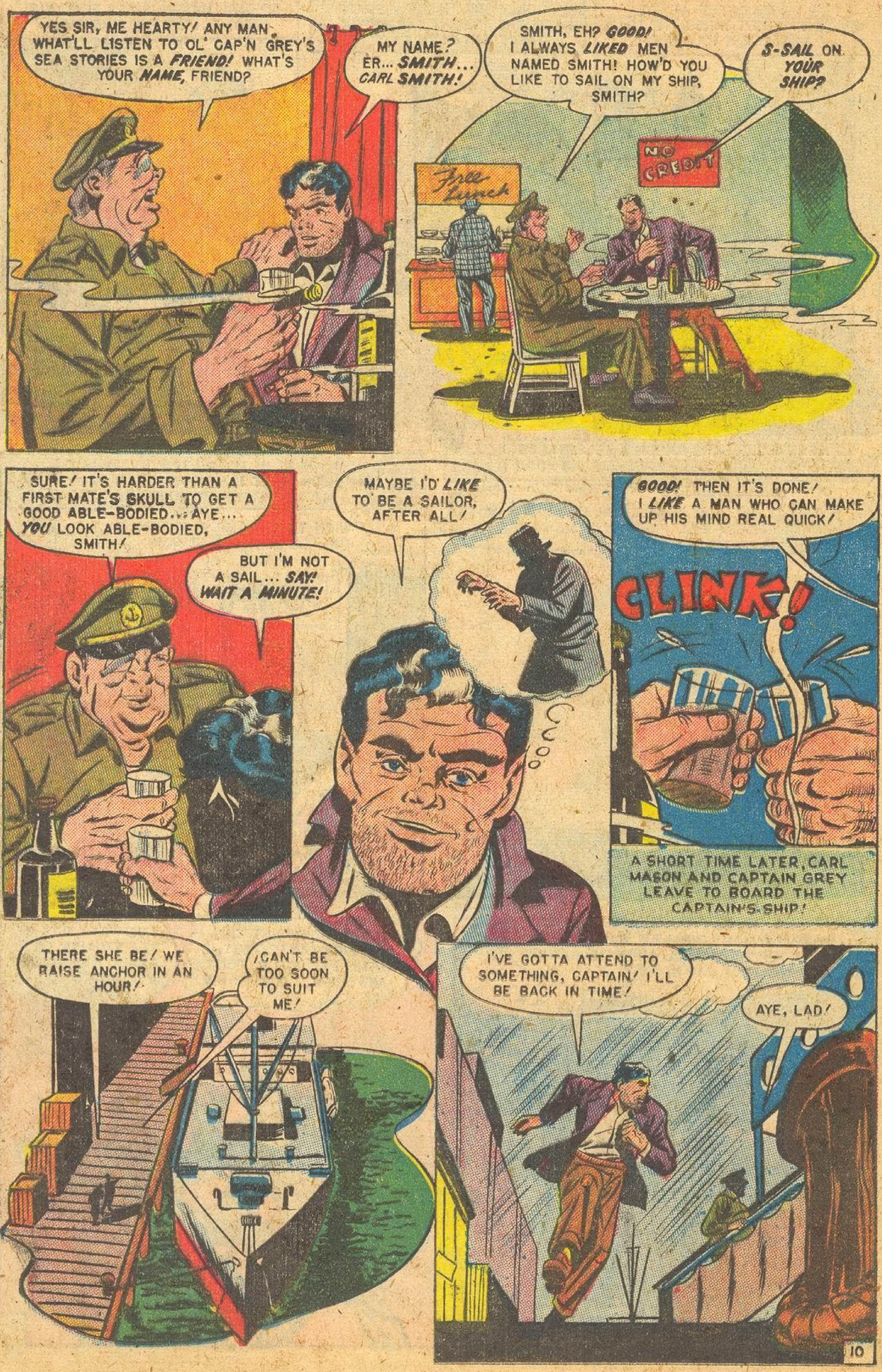

BUT, FAST AS MASON IS... THE MAN IN BLACK IS STILL FASTER!
POOR MASON, HE'LL NEVER LEARN!
THUNK!
IT'S NO USE! I'VE GOT NO CHANCE! I'VE GOT TO GET AWAY!
MASON! YOU, MASON! COME BACK! MASON, YOU—YOU'RE FIRED! FINISHED!
THROUGH THE FAIRWAY RUNS THE FLEEING KNIFE-THROWER, AS THE FATEFUL FIGURE IN BLACK RELENTLESSLY PURSUES HIM!
MAYBE I CAN LOSE HIM IN THIS CROWD!
IT FLIES
IN HIS DESPERATE ATTEMPT TO ESCAPE, MASON RACES INTO THE TENT WHERE NELL NELSON IS PERFORMING!
THIS IS JUST THE PLACE! THE AERIAL ACTS "BIG TOP"!
IT'S NO USE! I CAN'T LOSE HIM!

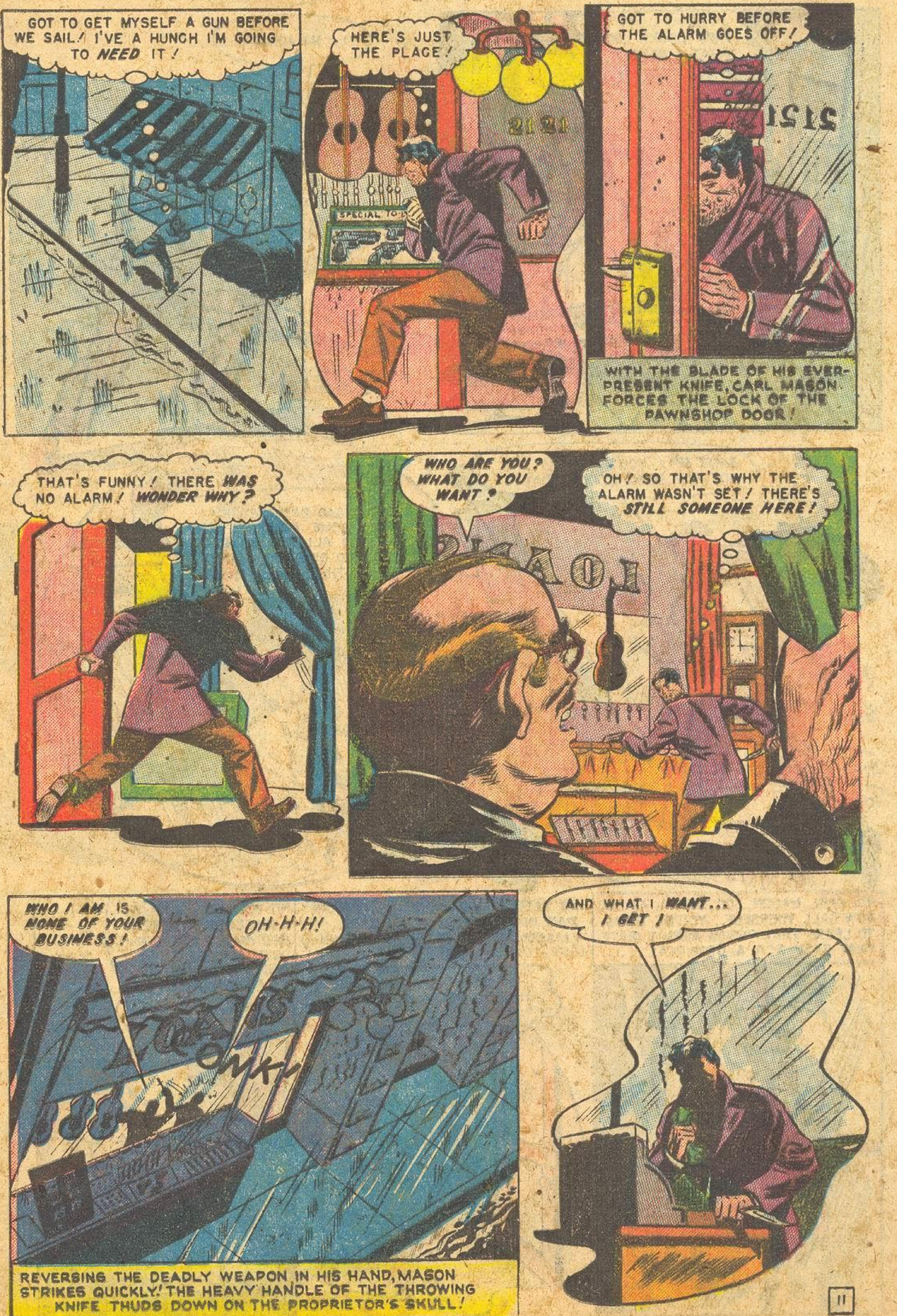

THERE'S ONLY ONE THING TO DO... START A RIOT! MAYBE I CAN LOSE HIM IN THE CONFUSION!
NOW!
AND HIGH ABOVE THE CROWD, NELL NELSON SEES A HORRIFYING SIGHT!
I WONDER WHAT CARL WAS SO UPSET ABOUT! I WONDER IF... HEAVENS! THAT KNIFE!
OOOH!
THAT GIRL! SHE'S FALLING!
JUST ONE SPINE-TINGLING SECOND LATER...
GET A DOCTOR!
STAND BACK! GIVE HER AIR!
SHE'S STILL BREATHING!

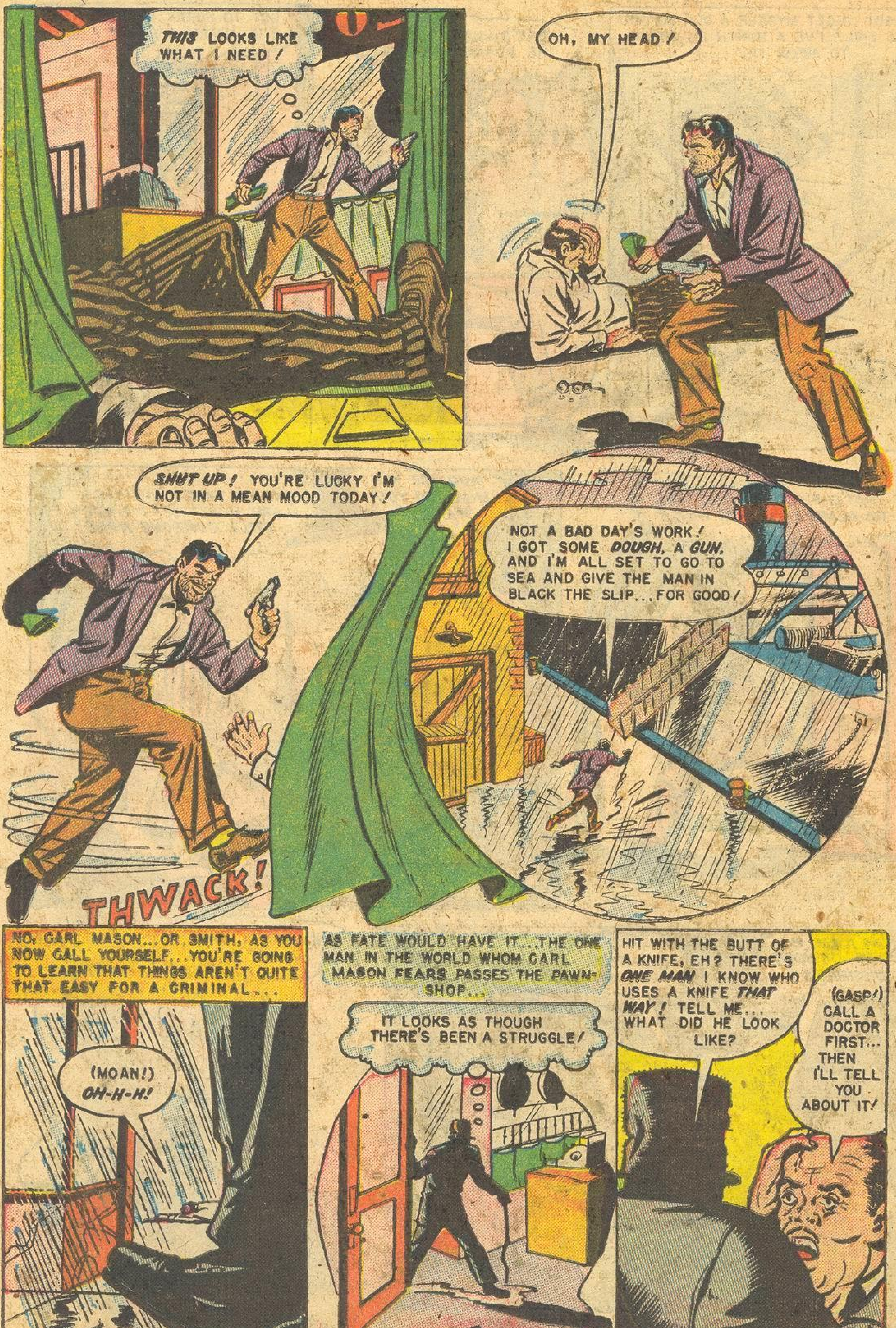

HA! HE'LL *NEVER* GET PAST THAT MOB TO GET AT ME *NOW*!
I LOVED HIM SO! WHY? WHY DID HE DO IT?
THERE, THERE! DON'T YOU WORRY! YOU'LL BE ALL RIGHT!
YOUR FACE! YOU...
DON'T THINK OF MY FACE! JUST CLOSE YOUR EYES AND RELAX! THAT'S IT!
THIS GIRL WILL BE ALL RIGHT UNTIL THE DOCTOR ARRIVES!
UNTIL? I THOUGHT *YOU* WERE A DOCTOR! *WHO ARE YOU?*
WHAT'S THE DIFFERENCE *WHO* HE IS? HE'S HELPED HER TO RELAX... LOOK SHE'S FALLEN ASLEEP!
SATISFIED THAT THE TRAPEZE ARTIST WILL RECOVER, THE MAN IN BLACK GRIMLY STALKS OUT OF THE TENT...
THAT MAKES ANOTHER SCORE TO SETTLE WITH CARL MASON!
SAY, I SAW THE WAY YOU TREATED THAT GIRL! SHE SEEMED TO BE RECOVERING JUST BECAUSE YOU TOUCHED HER HAND! *WHO ARE YOU, ANYWAY?*
WHO AM I?
IF I TOLD YOU, YOU WOULDN'T BELIEVE ME!
BRRR... THAT GUY SENDS *SHIVERS* UP MY SPINE!

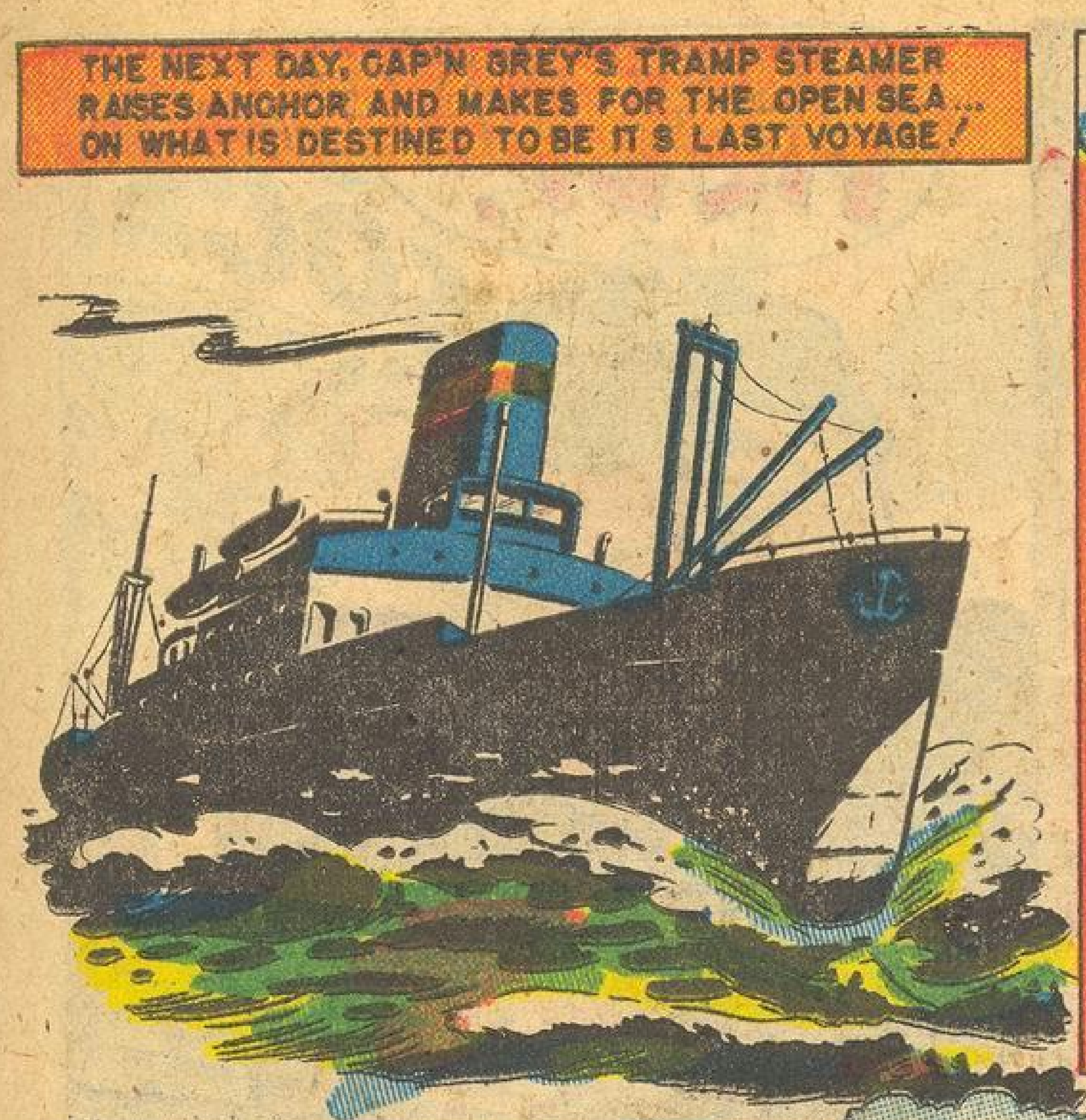

MEANWHILE, THE EX-CIRCUS STAR CONTINUES HIS MAD FLIGHT FROM HIS MYSTERIOUS NEMESIS...
WHOOOOOOO!
MADE IT!
ONCE I'M OUT OF THE STATE, I'LL GROW A MUSTACHE, CHANGE MY NAME... AND NO ONE WILL BE WISER!
AS FOR THE MAN IN BLACK... *HE'LL NEVER FIND ME NOW!*
BACK IN THE FREIGHT CAR, AN UNKEMPT FIGURE SIDLES OUT OF THE SHADOWS TOWARD MASON...
HI, BO! HOW FAR ARE YA GOIN'?
I-I THOUGHT THIS CAR WAS *EMPTY!*
AW, YOU DON'T HAVE TO WORRY ABOUT ME! I'M NOT GONNA CALL THE GUARDS.. I DIDN'T EXACTLY BUY A *TICKET* FOR THIS TRIP *MYSELF!*
HMM.. HE'S JUST ABOUT MY SIZE.. AND THE POLICE WILL PROBABLY BE LOOKING FOR ME IN *THIS COSTUME!*
SAY, WHERE'D YA GET A HOLD OF THAT *FUNNY-LOOKIN' GETUP?*
WHY ARE YOU LOOKIN' AT ME LIKE THAT? *WH-WHAT'S THAT KNIFE FOR?*
DON'T BE ALARMED! I JUST WANT TO "BORROW" YOUR SUIT... THAT'S ALL!

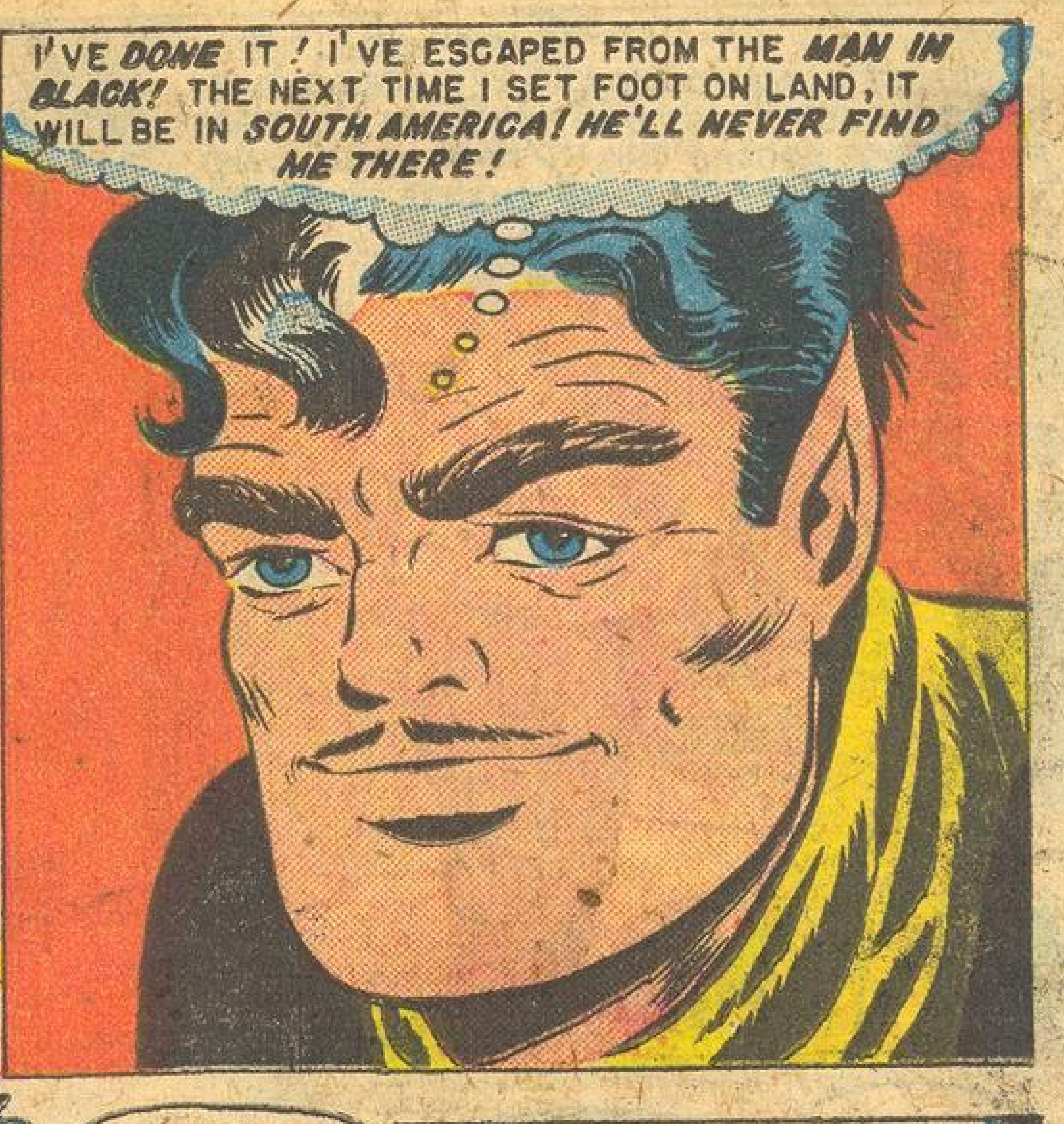

A FEW HOURS LATER, AT THE NEW YORK FREIGHT YARDS, THE TRAIN SCREECHES TO A STOP...
...AND ONLY ONE FIGURE ALIGHTS FROM THE FREIGHT CAR WHERE THERE HAD BEEN TWO!
IT LOOKS ALL CLEAR!
SO CARL MASON MAKES GOOD HIS ESCAPE... FOR THE TIME BEING!
MEANWHILE, CARL MASON'S RELENTLESS PURSUER SHAGGILY DRAWS HIS HULKING FORM TOWARD NEW YORK
THIS IS ONE TIME I WILL TRUST MY INSTINCTS! I FEEL THAT I WILL FIND HIM IN NEW YORK!
.. AND SOMEWHERE IN THE CENTER OF THE NOISE AND CONFUSION THAT IS NEW YORK, CARL MASON SEEKS TEMPORARY REFUGE!
WITH THIS TRAMP'S OUTFIT ON, I'LL BE RIGHT AT HOME HERE!
BAR
NO DANCING
MEN
NO CREDIT
YOU THERE! YOU LOOK LIKE A SEAFARIN' MAN! COME SIT A SPELL AND HAVE A DRINK WITH OLD CAP'N GREY!
I DON'T KNOW WHAT THIS OLD BIRD WANTS! BUT, IF HE'LL PAY FOR MY FOOD AND DRINK... I'M WITH HIM!
I'VE GOT LOTS OF SEA STORIES TO TELL... AND I CRAVE A MAN WHAT'LL LISTEN!

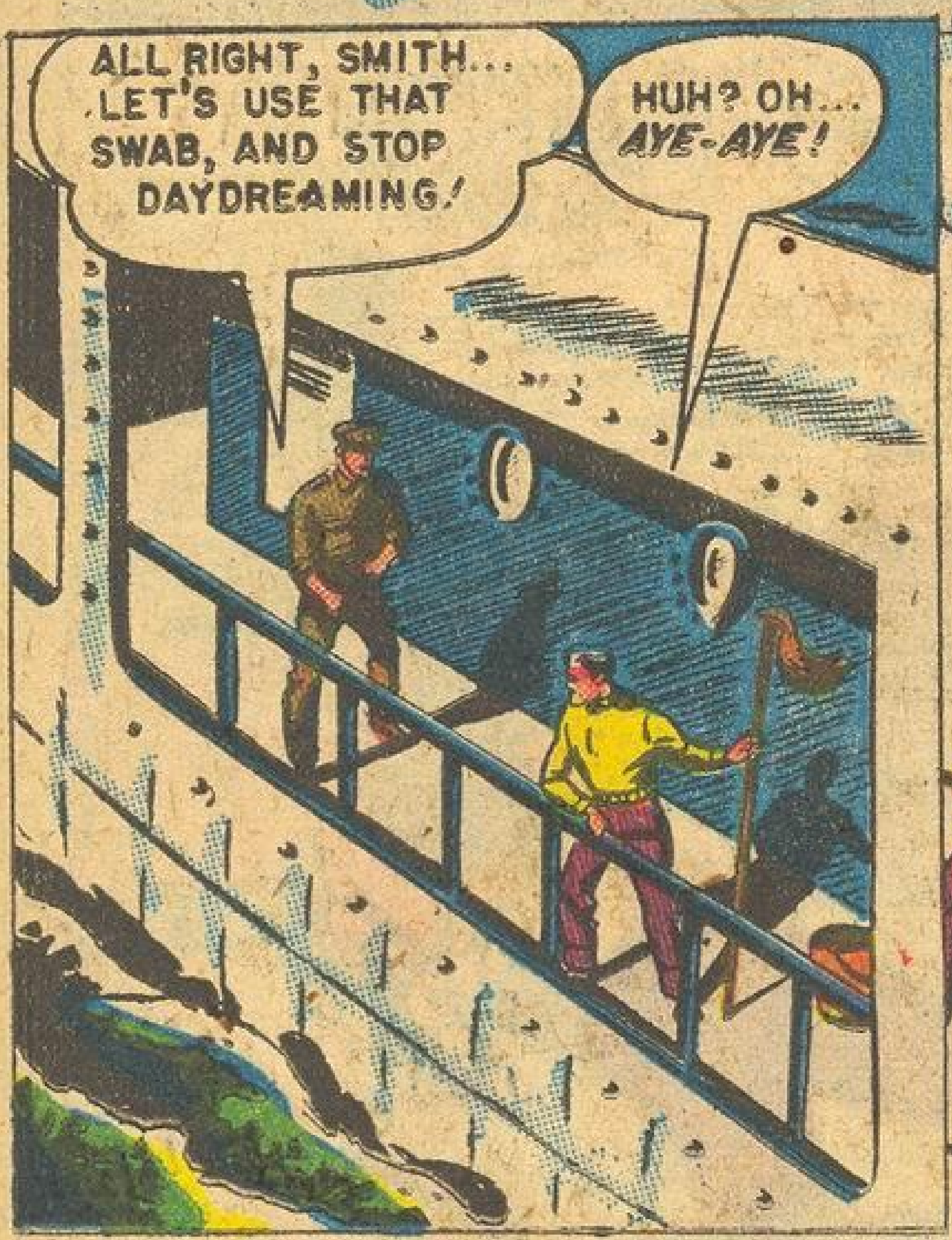

YES SIR, ME HEARTY! ANY MAN WHAT'LL LISTEN TO OL' CAP'N GREY'S SEA STORIES IS A *FRIEND!* WHAT'S YOUR *NAME*, FRIEND?
MY NAME? ER... *SMITH*... *CARL SMITH!*
SMITH, EH? *GOOD!* I ALWAYS *LIKED* MEN NAMED SMITH! HOW'D YOU LIKE TO SAIL ON MY SHIP, SMITH?
S-SAIL ON *YOUR SHIP?*
Free Lunch
NO CREDIT
SURE! IT'S HARDER THAN A FIRST MATE'S SKULL TO GET A GOOD ABLE-BODIED... AYE... *YOU* LOOK ABLE-BODIED, SMITH!
BUT I'M NOT A SAIL... *SAY! WAIT A MINUTE!*
MAYBE I'D *LIKE* TO BE A SAILOR, AFTER ALL!
GOOD! THEN IT'S DONE! I *LIKE* A MAN WHO CAN MAKE UP HIS MIND REAL QUICK!
CLINK!
A SHORT TIME LATER, CARL MASON AND CAPTAIN GREY LEAVE TO BOARD THE CAPTAIN'S SHIP!
THERE SHE BE! WE RAISE ANCHOR IN AN HOUR!
CAN'T BE TOO SOON TO SUIT ME!
I'VE GOTTA ATTEND TO SOMETHING, CAPTAIN! I'LL BE BACK IN TIME!
AYE, LAD!

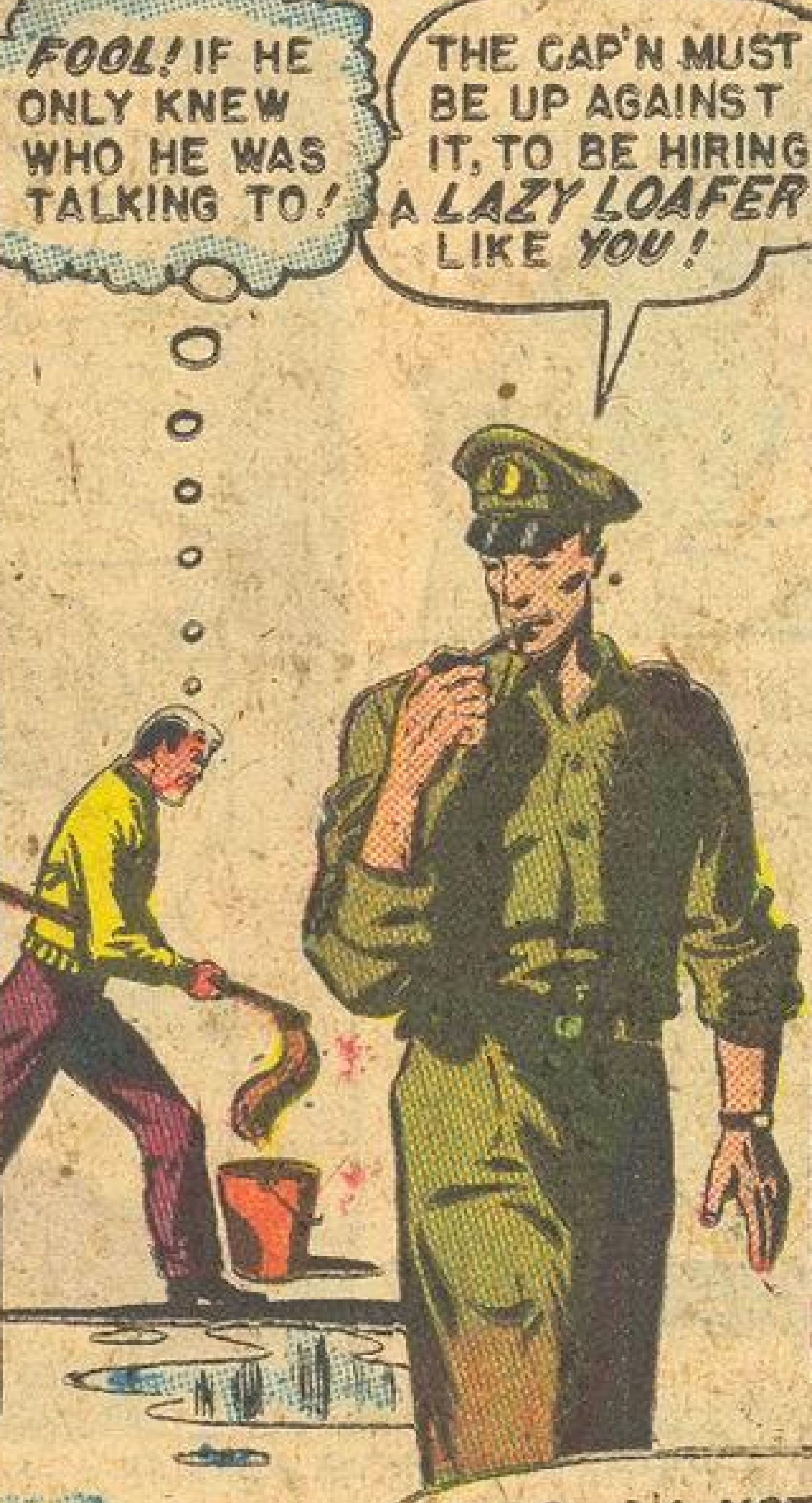

GOT TO GET MYSELF A GUN BEFORE WE SAIL! I'VE A HUNCH I'M GOING TO *NEED* IT!
HERE'S JUST THE PLACE!
SPECIAL
2121
GOT TO HURRY BEFORE THE ALARM GOES OFF!
WITH THE BLADE OF HIS EVER-PRESENT KNIFE, CARL MASON FORCES THE LOCK OF THE PAWNSHOP DOOR!
THAT'S FUNNY! THERE *WAS* NO ALARM! *WONDER WHY?*
WHO ARE YOU? WHAT DO YOU WANT?
OH! SO THAT'S WHY THE ALARM WASN'T SET! THERE'S *STILL SOMEONE HERE!*
WHO I AM IS *NONE OF YOUR BUSINESS!*
OH-H-H!
REVERSING THE DEADLY WEAPON IN HIS HAND, MASON STRIKES QUICKLY! THE HEAVY HANDLE OF THE THROWING KNIFE THUDS DOWN ON THE PROPRIETOR'S SKULL!
AND WHAT I *WANT*... *I GET!*

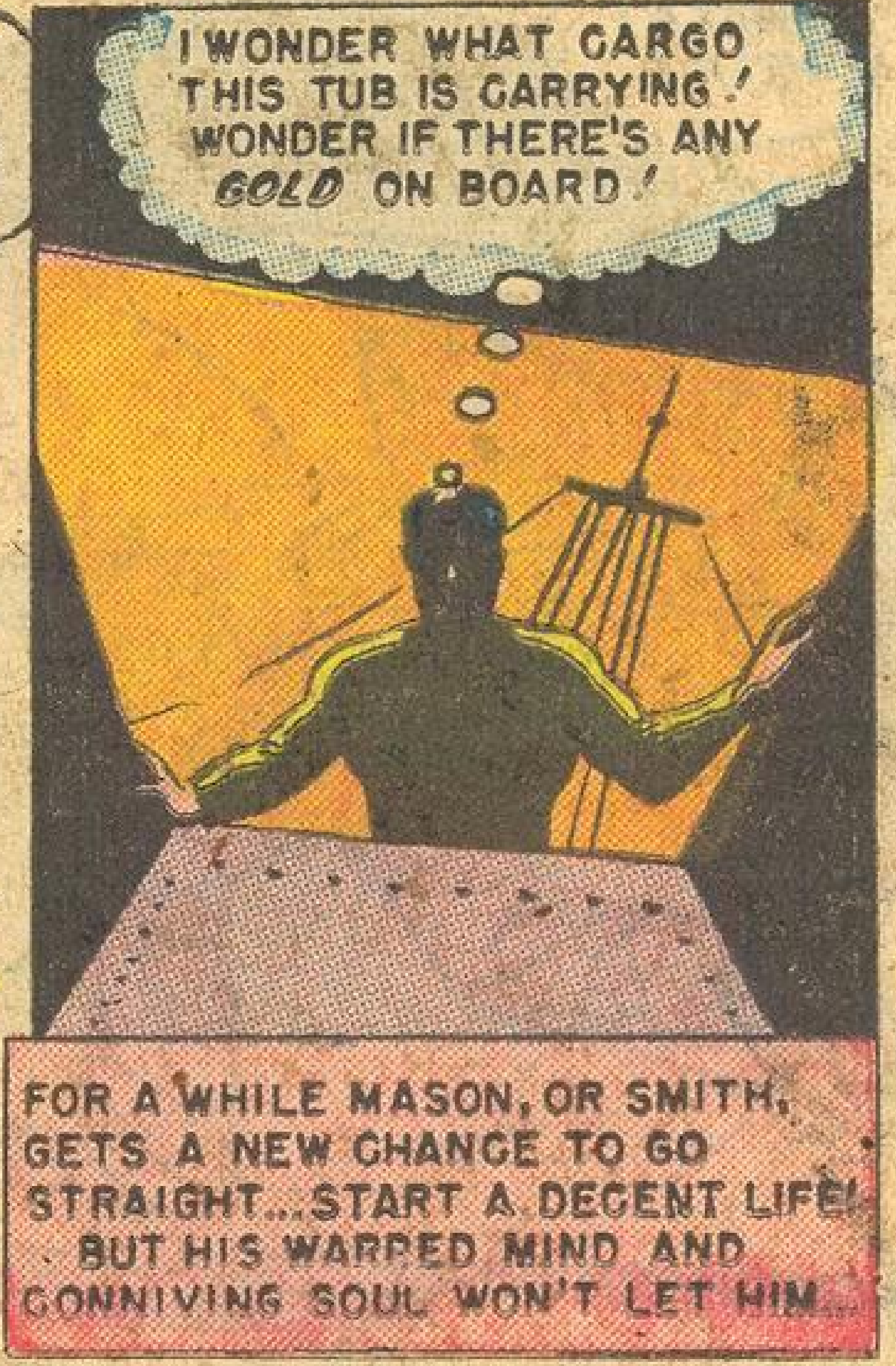

THIS LOOKS LIKE WHAT I NEED!
OH, MY HEAD!
SHUT UP! YOU'RE LUCKY I'M NOT IN A MEAN MOOD TODAY!
THWACK!
NOT A BAD DAY'S WORK! I GOT SOME DOUGH, A GUN, AND I'M ALL SET TO GO TO SEA AND GIVE THE MAN IN BLACK THE SLIP...FOR GOOD!
NO, CARL MASON...OR SMITH, AS YOU NOW CALL YOURSELF...YOU'RE GOING TO LEARN THAT THINGS AREN'T QUITE THAT EASY FOR A CRIMINAL...
(MOAN!) OH-H-H!
AS FATE WOULD HAVE IT...THE ONE MAN IN THE WORLD WHOM CARL MASON FEARS PASSES THE PAWN-SHOP...
IT LOOKS AS THOUGH THERE'S BEEN A STRUGGLE!
HIT WITH THE BUTT OF A KNIFE, EH? THERE'S ONE MAN I KNOW WHO USES A KNIFE THAT WAY! TELL ME... WHAT DID HE LOOK LIKE?
(GASP!) CALL A DOCTOR FIRST... THEN I'LL TELL YOU ABOUT IT!

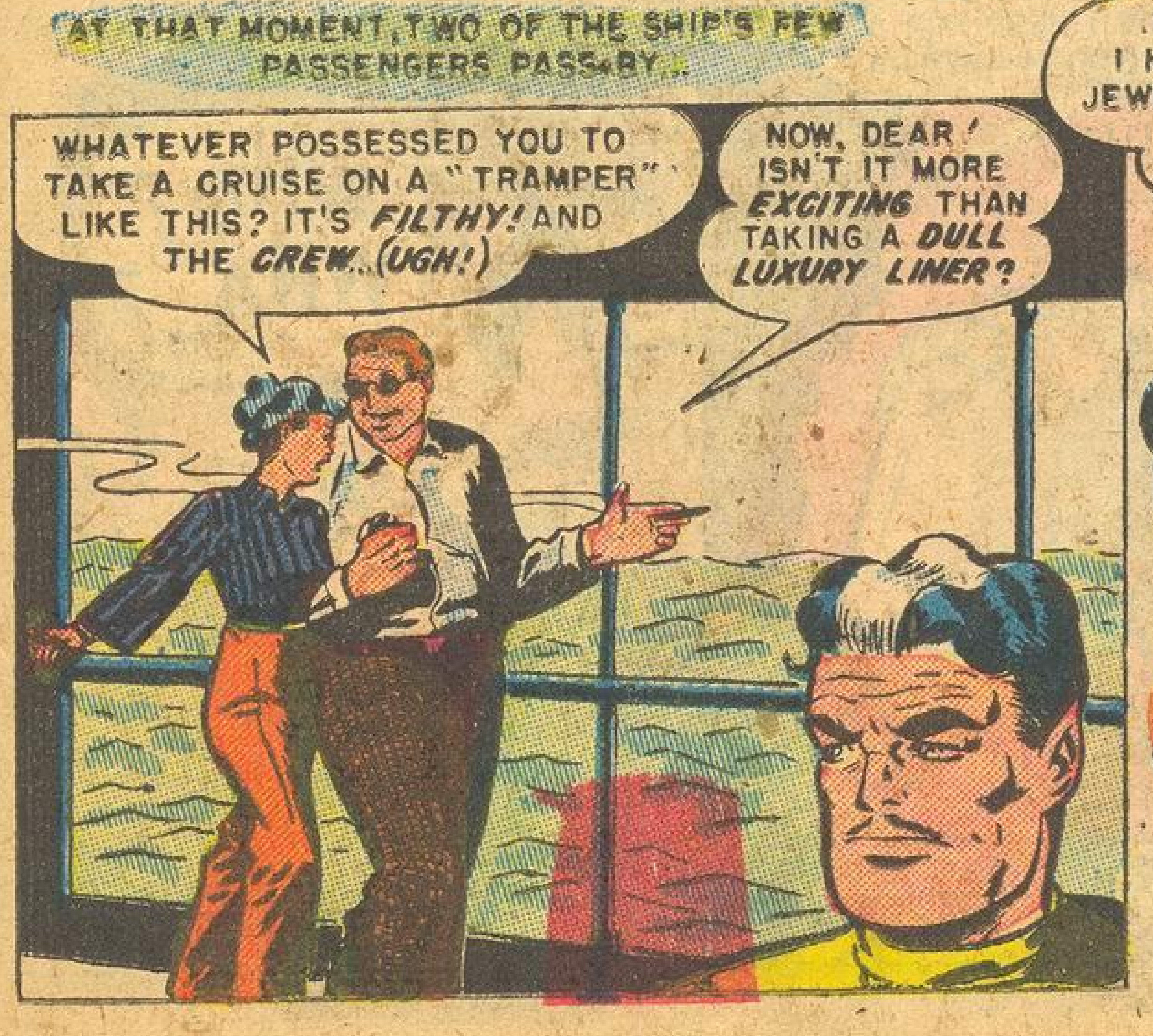

THE NEXT DAY, CAP'N GREY'S TRAMP STEAMER RAISES ANCHOR AND MAKES FOR THE OPEN SEA... ON WHAT IS DESTINED TO BE ITS LAST VOYAGE!

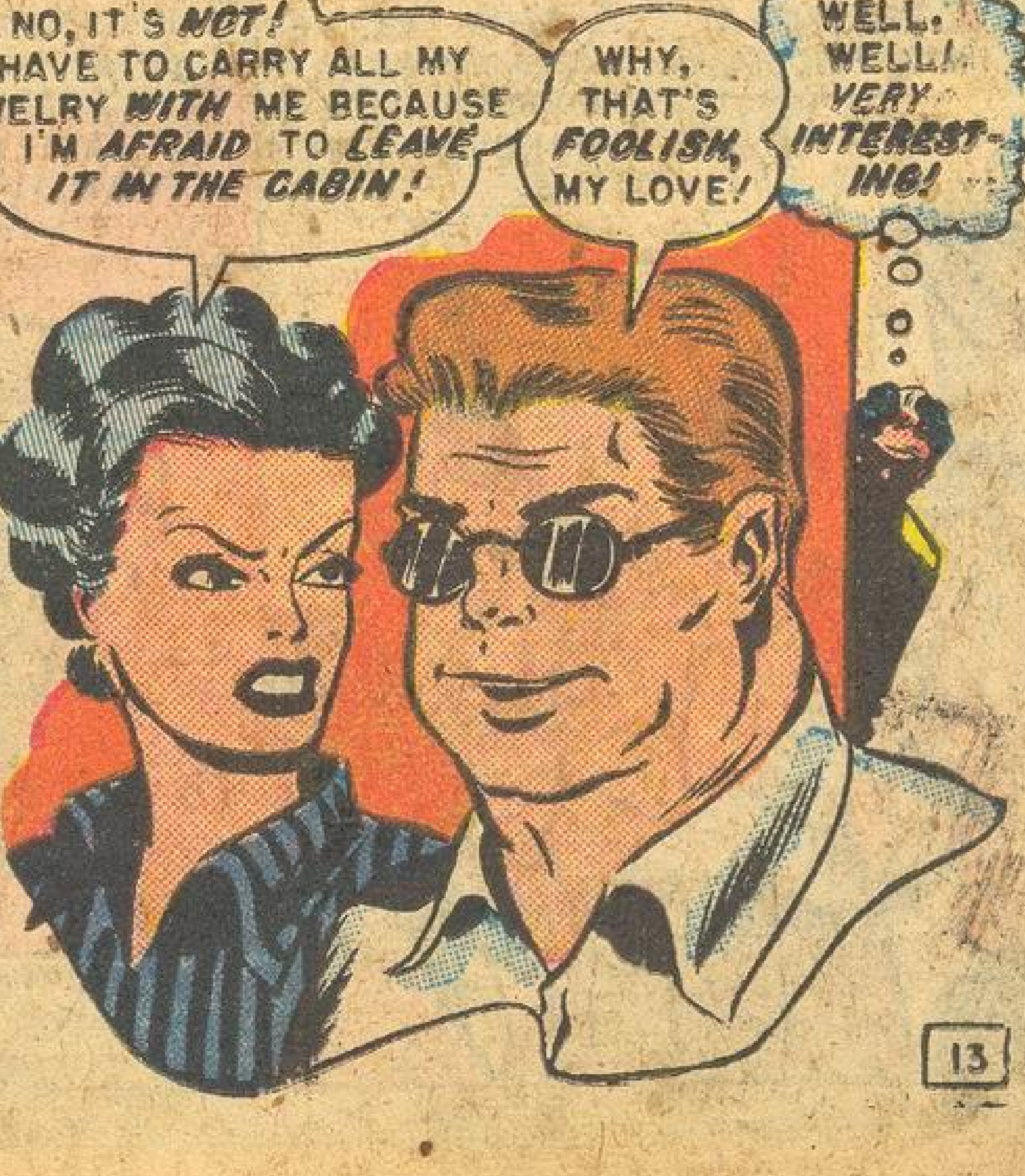

I'VE DONE IT! I'VE ESCAPED FROM THE MAN IN BLACK! THE NEXT TIME I SET FOOT ON LAND, IT WILL BE IN SOUTH AMERICA! HE'LL NEVER FIND ME THERE!

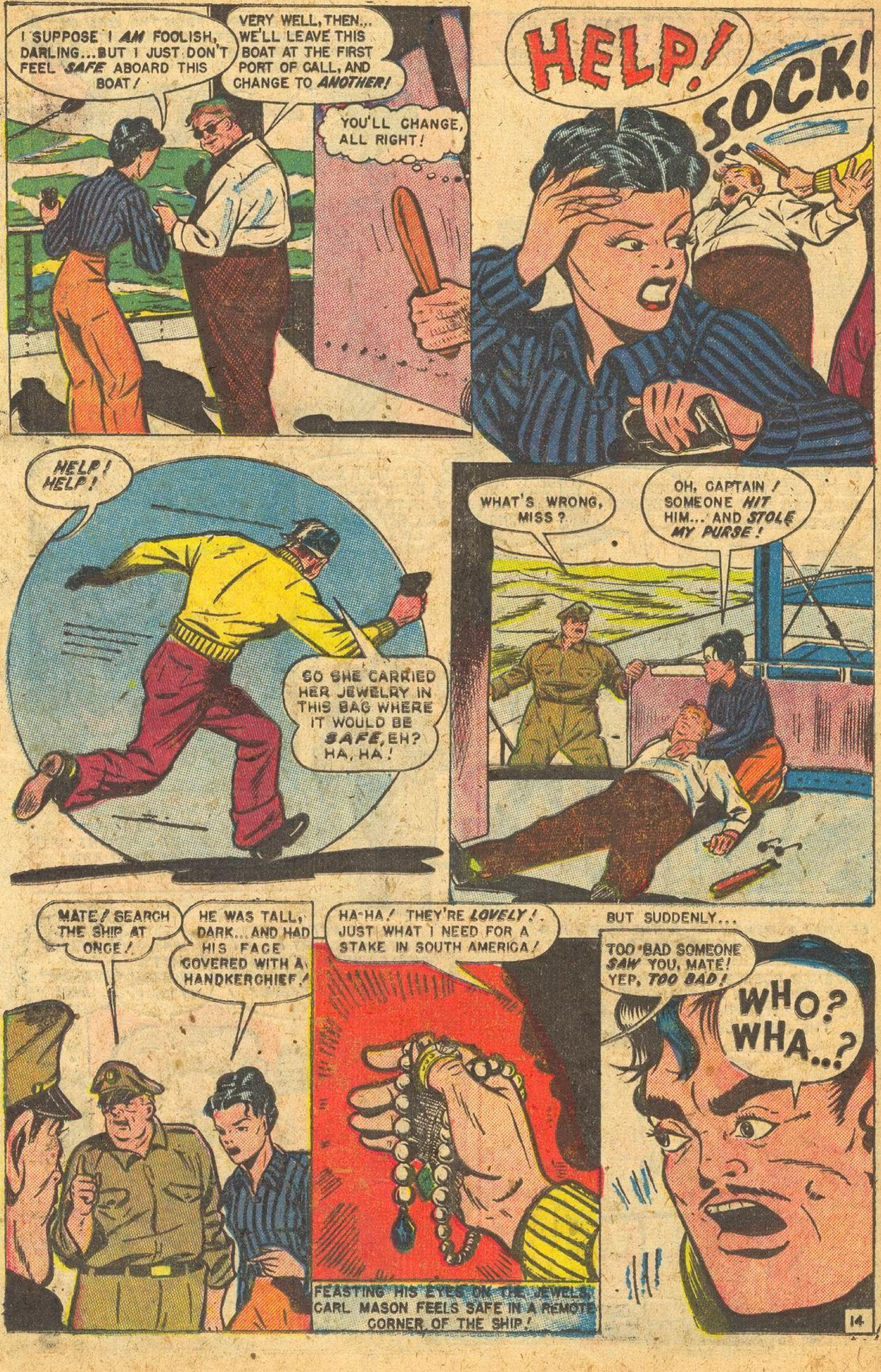

ALL RIGHT, SMITH... LET'S USE THAT SWAB, AND STOP DAYDREAMING!
HUH? OH... AYE-AYE!

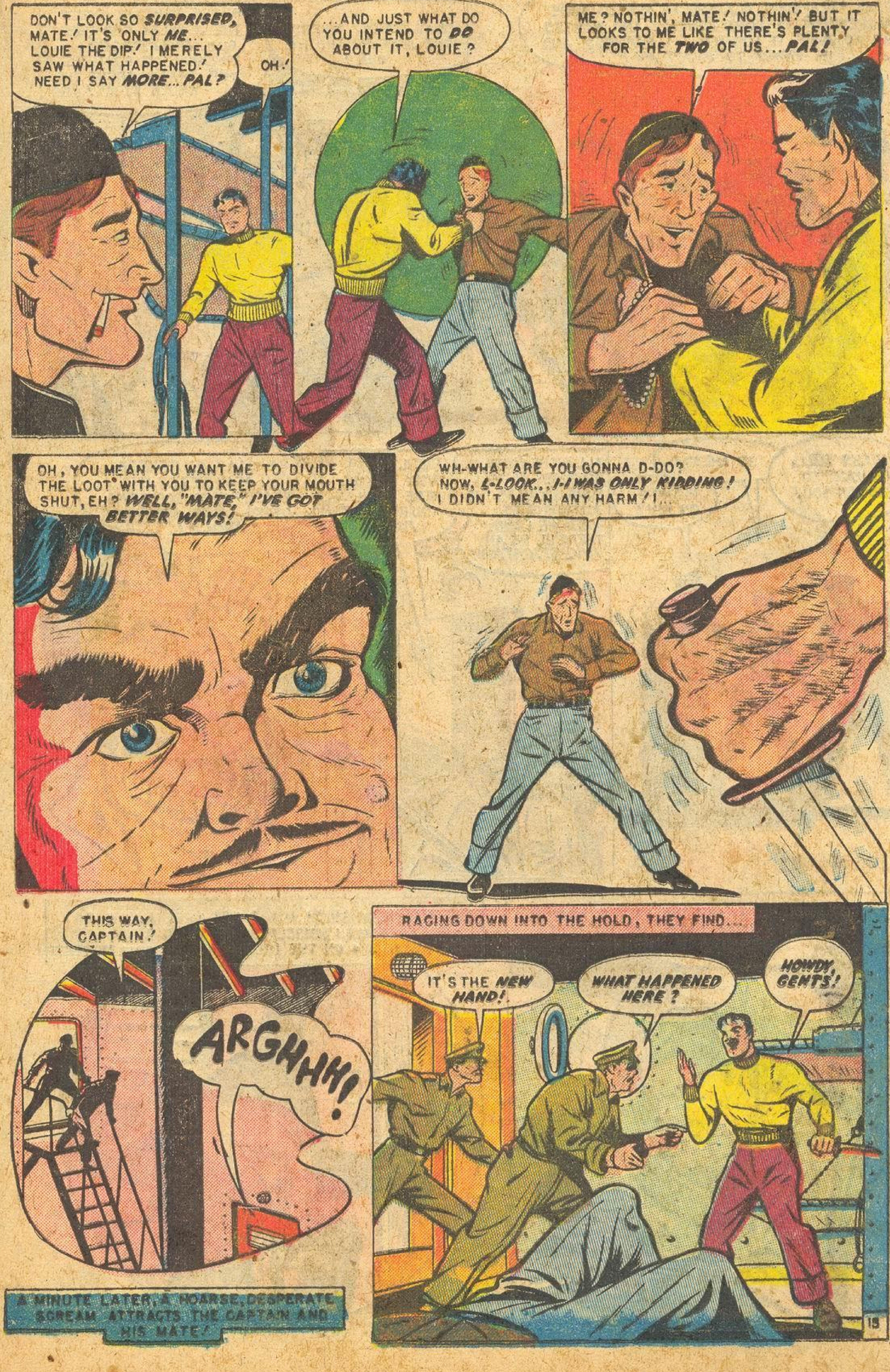

FOOL! IF HE ONLY KNEW WHO HE WAS TALKING TO!
THE CAP'N MUST BE UP AGAINST IT, TO BE HIRING A LAZY LOAFER LIKE YOU!

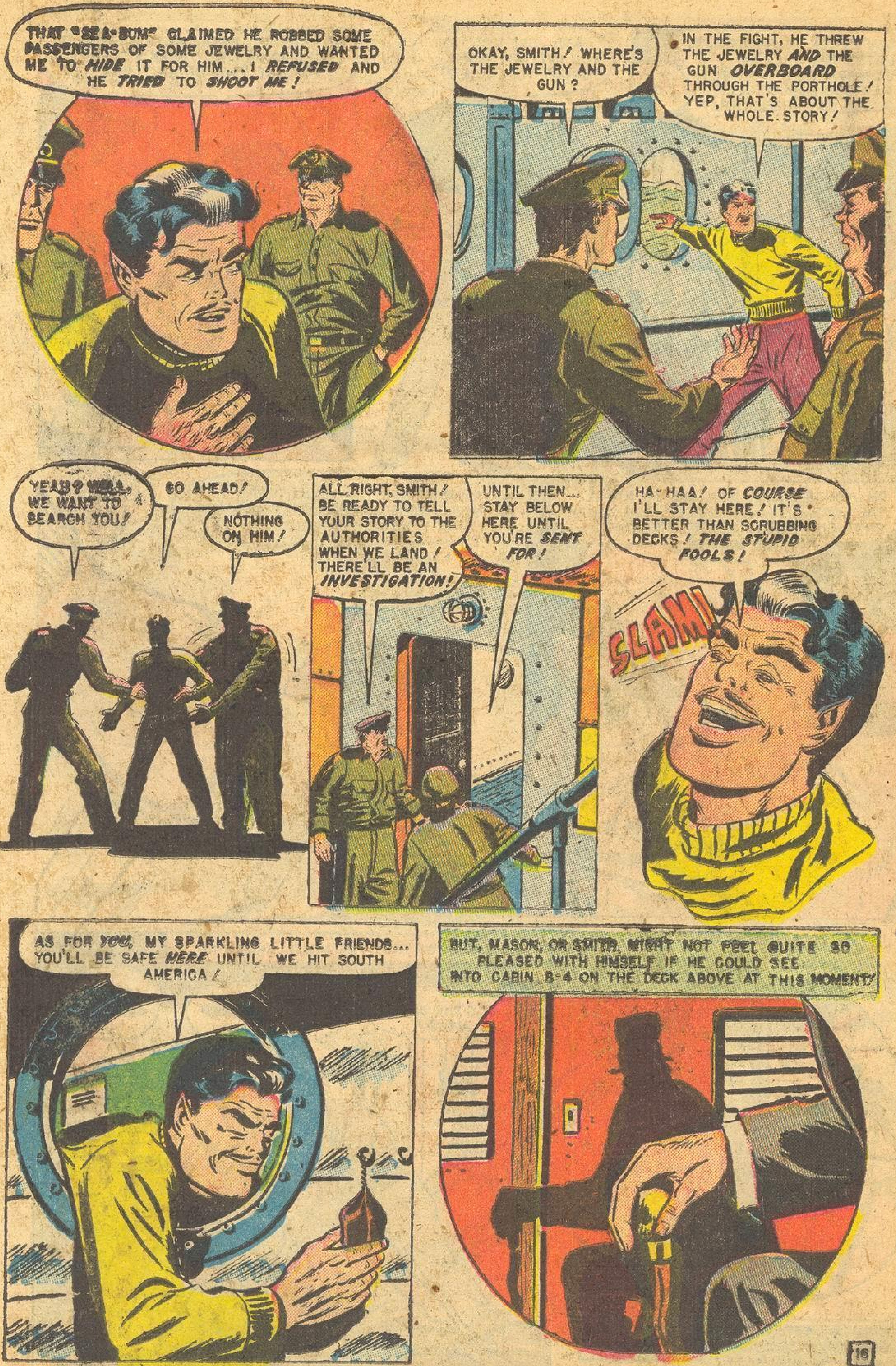

I WONDER WHAT CARGO THIS TUB IS CARRYING! WONDER IF THERE'S ANY GOLD ON BOARD!
FOR A WHILE MASON, OR SMITH, GETS A NEW CHANCE TO GO STRAIGHT...START A DECENT LIFE! BUT HIS WARPED MIND AND CONNIVING SOUL WON'T LET HIM...

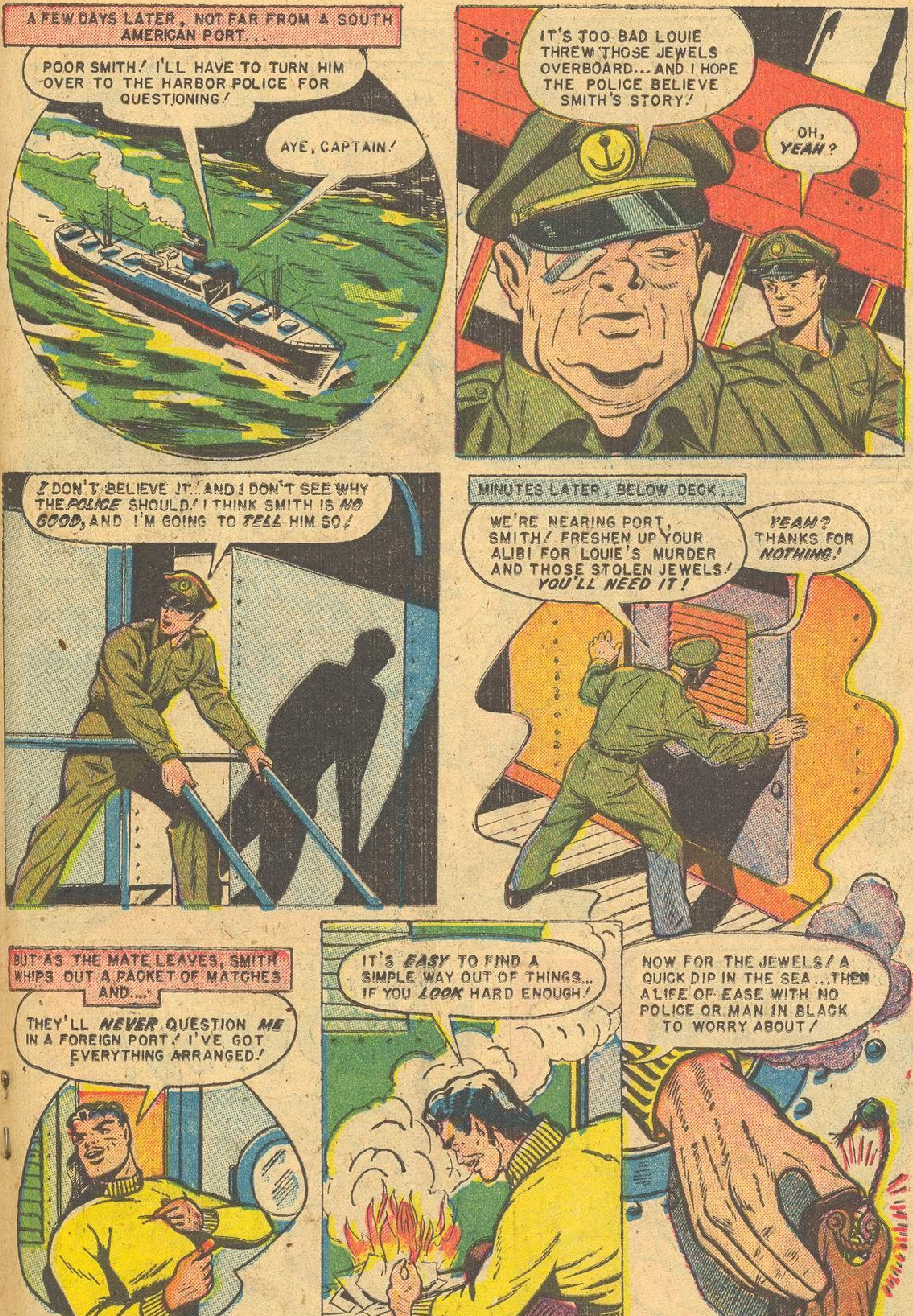

AT THAT MOMENT, TWO OF THE SHIP'S FEW PASSENGERS PASS BY...
WHATEVER POSSESSED YOU TO TAKE A CRUISE ON A "TRAMPER" LIKE THIS? IT'S FILTHY! AND THE CREW...(UGH!)
NOW, DEAR! ISN'T IT MORE EXCITING THAN TAKING A DULL LUXURY LINER?

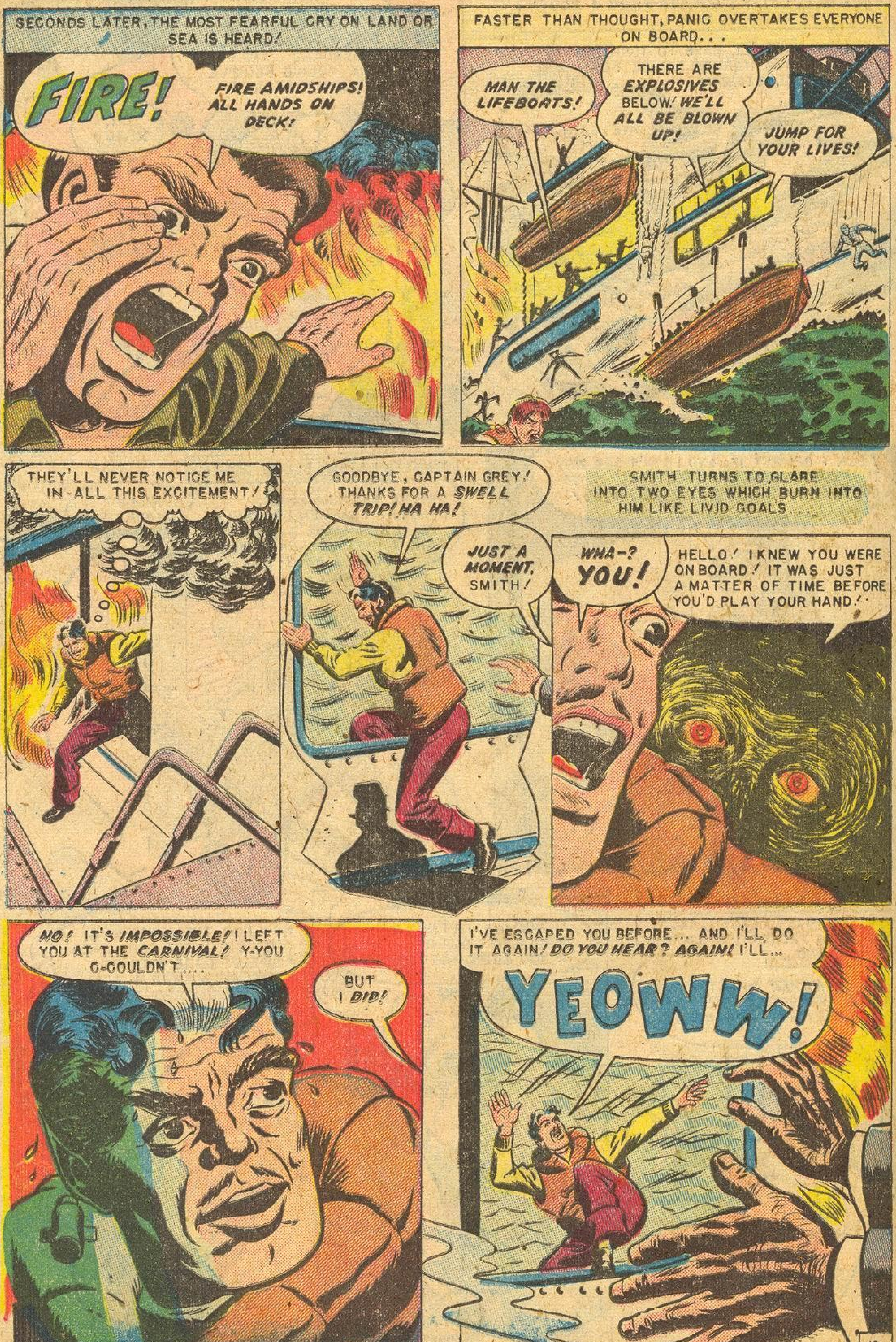

NO, IT'S NOT! I HAVE TO CARRY ALL MY JEWELRY WITH ME BECAUSE I'M AFRAID TO LEAVE IT IN THE CABIN!
WHY, THAT'S FOOLISH, MY LOVE!
WELL, WELL! VERY INTERESTING!

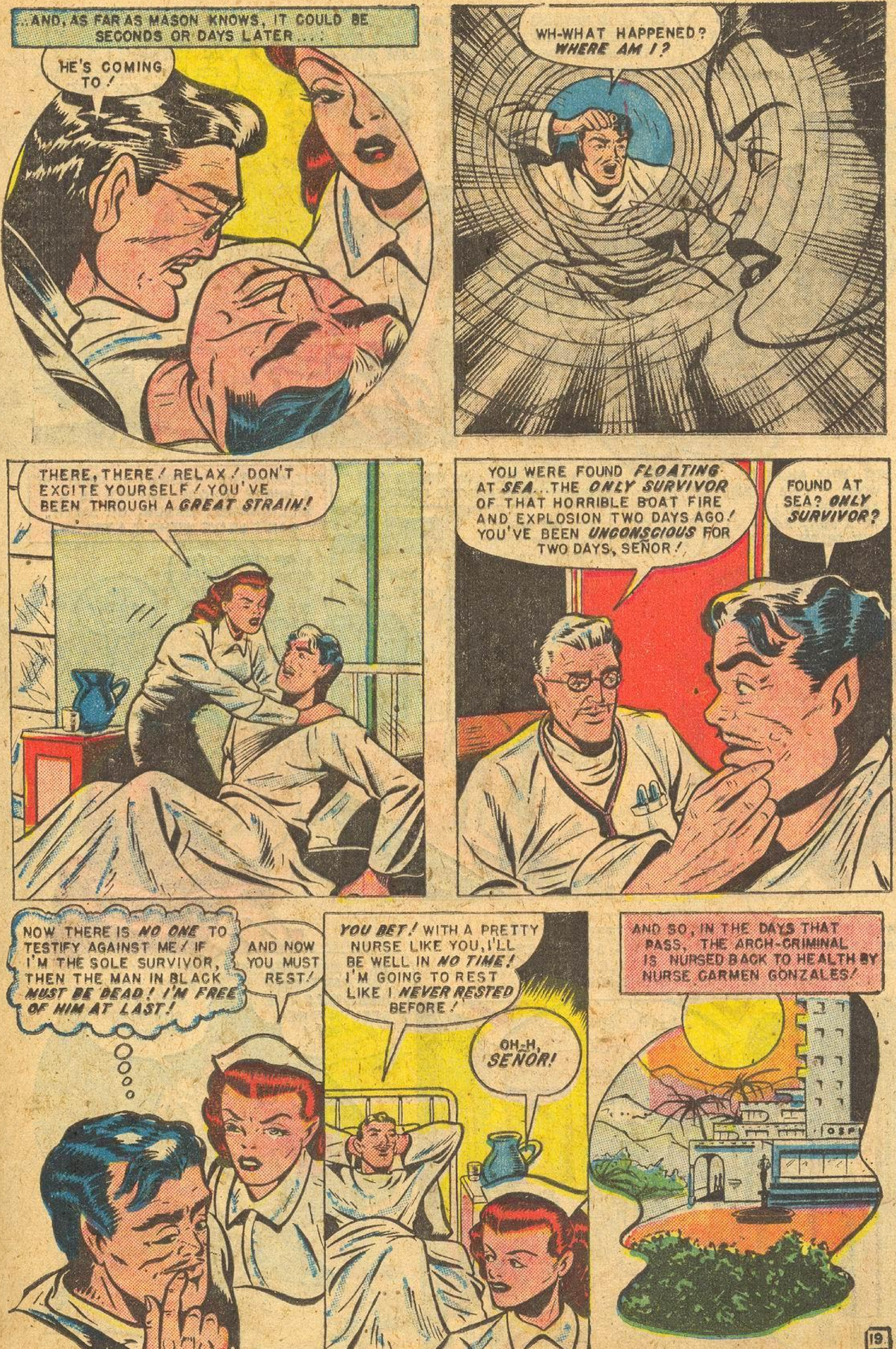

I SUPPOSE I *AM* FOOLISH, DARLING... BUT I JUST DON'T FEEL *SAFE* ABOARD THIS BOAT!
VERY WELL, THEN... WE'LL LEAVE THIS BOAT AT THE FIRST PORT OF CALL, AND CHANGE TO *ANOTHER!*
YOU'LL CHANGE, ALL RIGHT!
HELP!
SOCK!
HELP! HELP!
SO SHE CARRIED HER JEWELRY IN THIS BAG WHERE IT WOULD BE *SAFE*, EH? HA, HA!
WHAT'S WRONG, MISS?
OH, CAPTAIN! SOMEONE *HIT* HIM... AND *STOLE MY PURSE!*
MATE! SEARCH THE SHIP AT ONCE!
HE WAS TALL, DARK... AND HAD HIS FACE COVERED WITH A HANDKERCHIEF!
HA-HA! THEY'RE *LOVELY!* JUST WHAT I NEED FOR A STAKE IN SOUTH AMERICA!
FEASTING HIS EYES ON THE JEWELS, CARL MASON FEELS SAFE IN A REMOTE CORNER OF THE SHIP!
BUT SUDDENLY...
TOO BAD SOMEONE *SAW* YOU, MATE! YEP, *TOO BAD!*
WHO? WHA..?

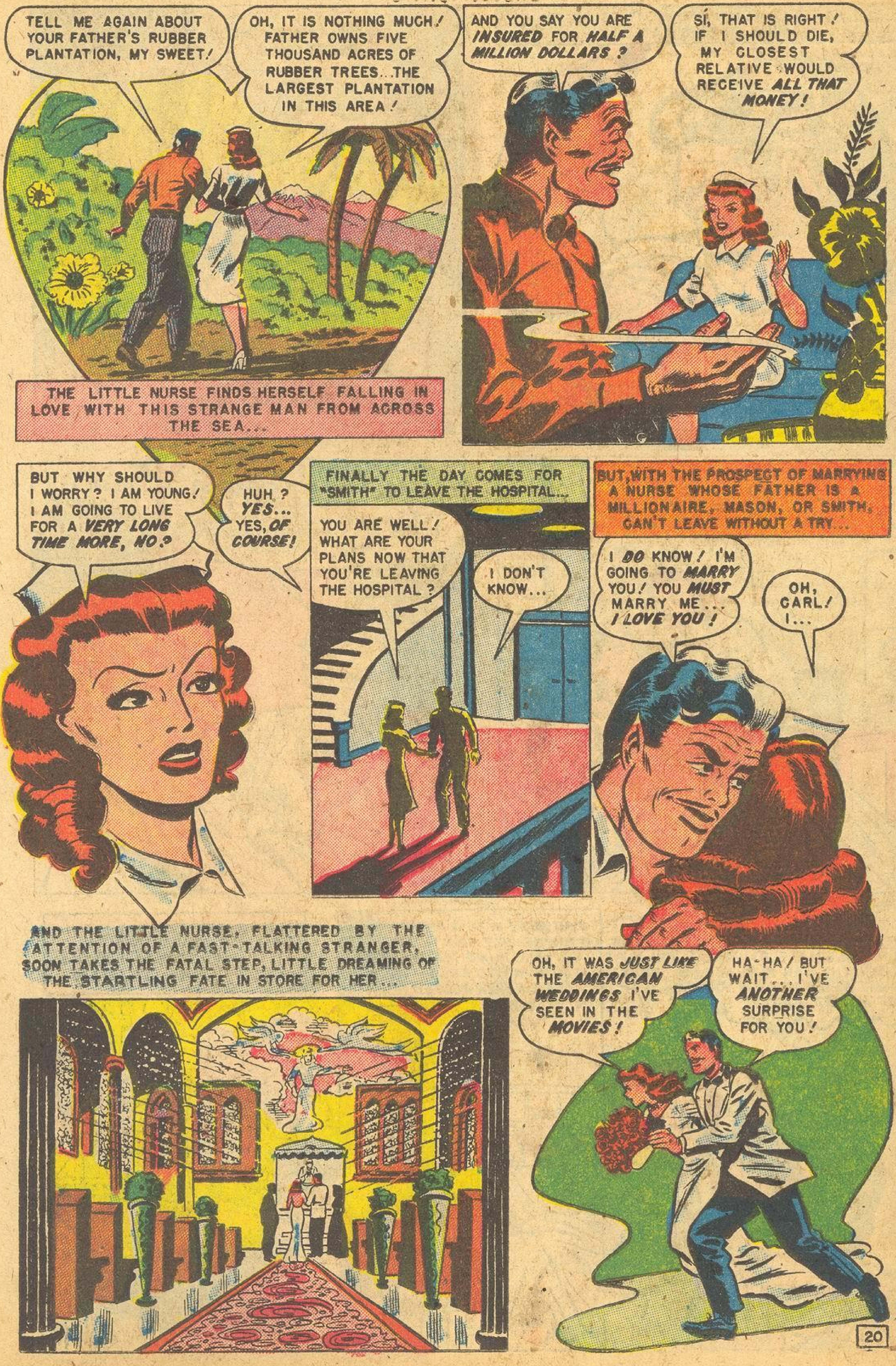

DON'T LOOK SO SURPRISED, MATE! IT'S ONLY ME... LOUIE THE DIP! I MERELY SAW WHAT HAPPENED! NEED I SAY MORE... PAL?
OH!
...AND JUST WHAT DO YOU INTEND TO DO ABOUT IT, LOUIE?
ME? NOTHIN', MATE! NOTHIN'! BUT IT LOOKS TO ME LIKE THERE'S PLENTY FOR THE TWO OF US... PAL!
OH, YOU MEAN YOU WANT ME TO DIVIDE THE LOOT WITH YOU TO KEEP YOUR MOUTH SHUT, EH? WELL, "MATE," I'VE GOT BETTER WAYS!
WH-WHAT ARE YOU GONNA D-DO? NOW, L-LOOK... I-I WAS ONLY KIDDING! I DIDN'T MEAN ANY HARM! I...
A MINUTE LATER, A HOARSE, DESPERATE SCREAM ATTRACTS THE CAPTAIN AND HIS MATE!
THIS WAY, CAPTAIN!
ARGHHH!
RAGING DOWN INTO THE HOLD, THEY FIND...
IT'S THE NEW HAND!
WHAT HAPPENED HERE?
HOWDY, GENTS!

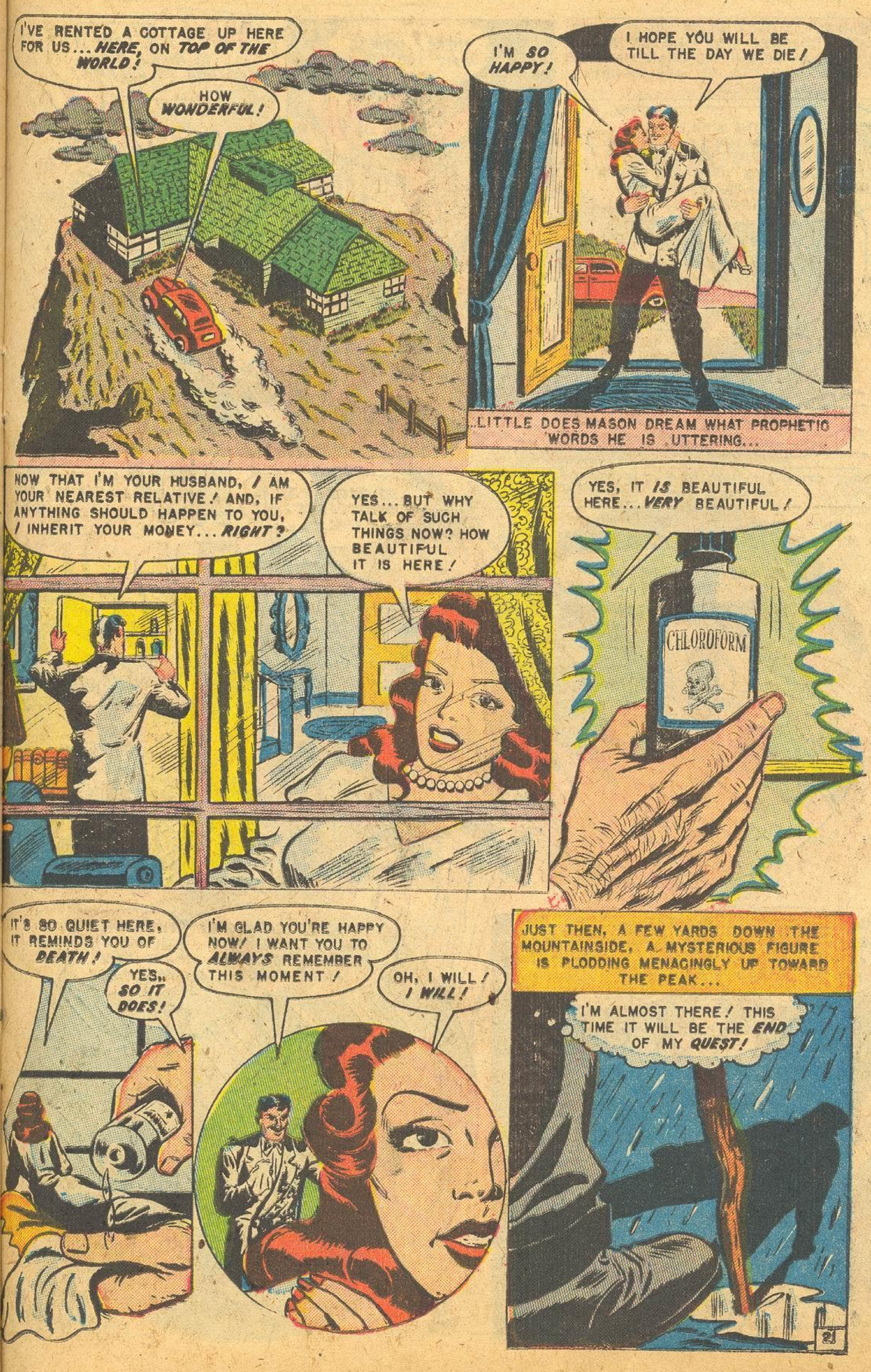

THAT "SEA-BUM" CLAIMED HE ROBBED SOME PASSENGERS OF SOME JEWELRY AND WANTED ME TO HIDE IT FOR HIM... I REFUSED AND HE TRIED TO SHOOT ME!
OKAY, SMITH! WHERE'S THE JEWELRY AND THE GUN?
IN THE FIGHT, HE THREW THE JEWELRY AND THE GUN OVERBOARD THROUGH THE PORTHOLE! YEP, THAT'S ABOUT THE WHOLE STORY!
YEAH? WELL, WE WANT TO SEARCH YOU!
GO AHEAD!
NOTHING ON HIM!
ALL RIGHT, SMITH! BE READY TO TELL YOUR STORY TO THE AUTHORITIES WHEN WE LAND! THERE'LL BE AN INVESTIGATION!
UNTIL THEN... STAY BELOW HERE UNTIL YOU'RE SENT FOR!
HA-HAA! OF COURSE I'LL STAY HERE! IT'S BETTER THAN SCRUBBING DECKS! THE STUPID FOOLS!
SLAM!
AS FOR YOU, MY SPARKLING LITTLE FRIENDS... YOU'LL BE SAFE HERE UNTIL WE HIT SOUTH AMERICA!
BUT, MASON, OR SMITH, MIGHT NOT FEEL QUITE SO PLEASED WITH HIMSELF IF HE COULD SEE INTO CABIN B-4 ON THE DECK ABOVE AT THIS MOMENT!

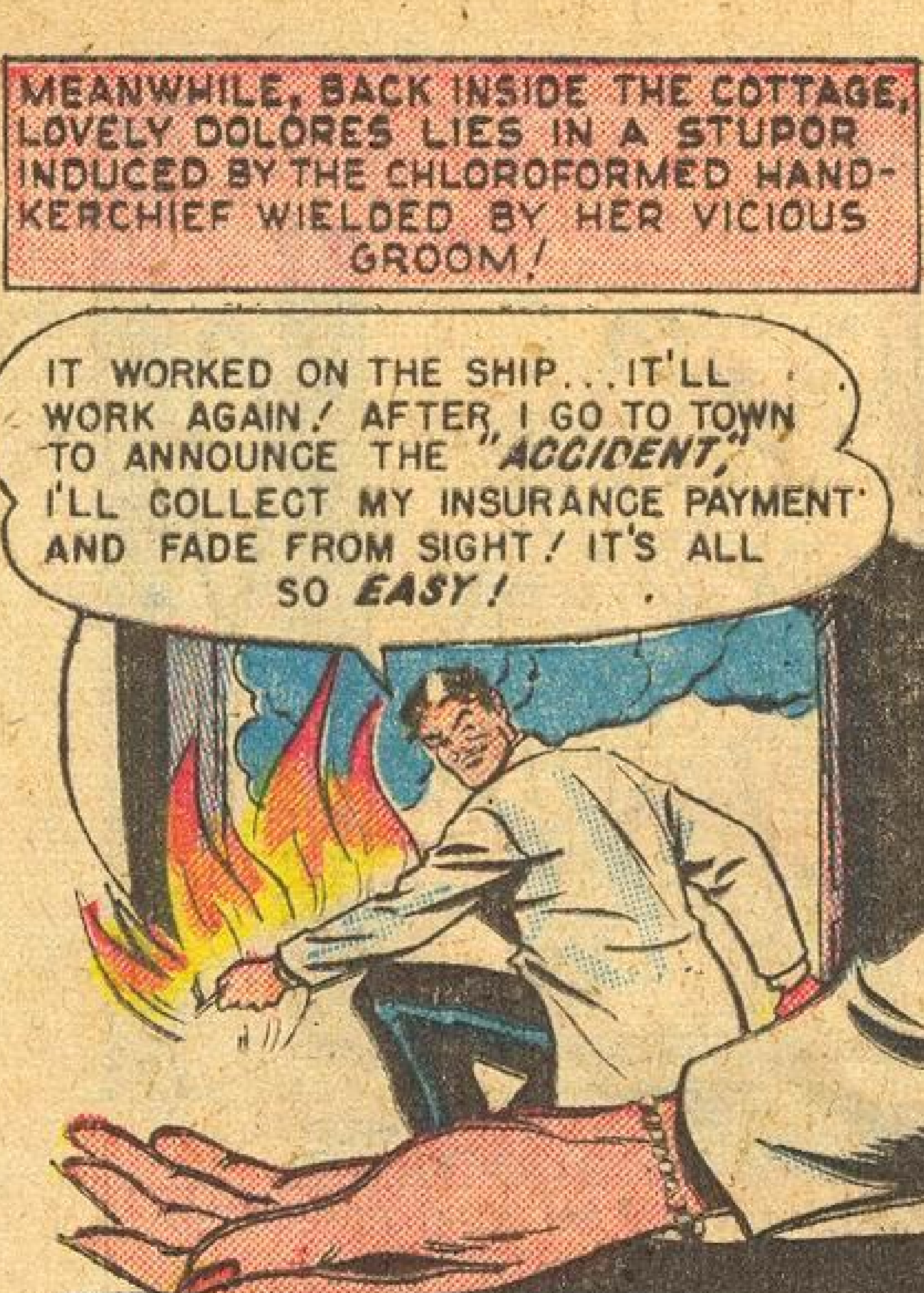

A FEW DAYS LATER, NOT FAR FROM A SOUTH AMERICAN PORT..
POOR SMITH! I'LL HAVE TO TURN HIM OVER TO THE HARBOR POLICE FOR QUESTIONING!
AYE, CAPTAIN!
IT'S TOO BAD LOUIE THREW THOSE JEWELS OVERBOARD... AND I HOPE THE POLICE BELIEVE SMITH'S STORY!
OH, *YEAH*?
I DON'T BELIEVE IT! AND I DON'T SEE WHY THE *POLICE* SHOULD! I THINK SMITH IS *NO GOOD*, AND I'M GOING TO *TELL* HIM SO!
MINUTES LATER, BELOW DECK...
WE'RE NEARING PORT, SMITH! FRESHEN UP YOUR ALIBI FOR LOUIE'S MURDER AND THOSE STOLEN JEWELS! *YOU'LL NEED IT!*
YEAH? THANKS FOR *NOTHING!*
BUT AS THE MATE LEAVES, SMITH WHIPS OUT A PACKET OF MATCHES AND...
THEY'LL *NEVER* QUESTION *ME* IN A FOREIGN PORT! I'VE GOT EVERYTHING ARRANGED!
IT'S *EASY* TO FIND A SIMPLE WAY OUT OF THINGS... IF YOU *LOOK* HARD ENOUGH!
NOW FOR THE JEWELS! A QUICK DIP IN THE SEA... THEN A LIFE OF EASE WITH NO POLICE OR MAN IN BLACK TO WORRY ABOUT!

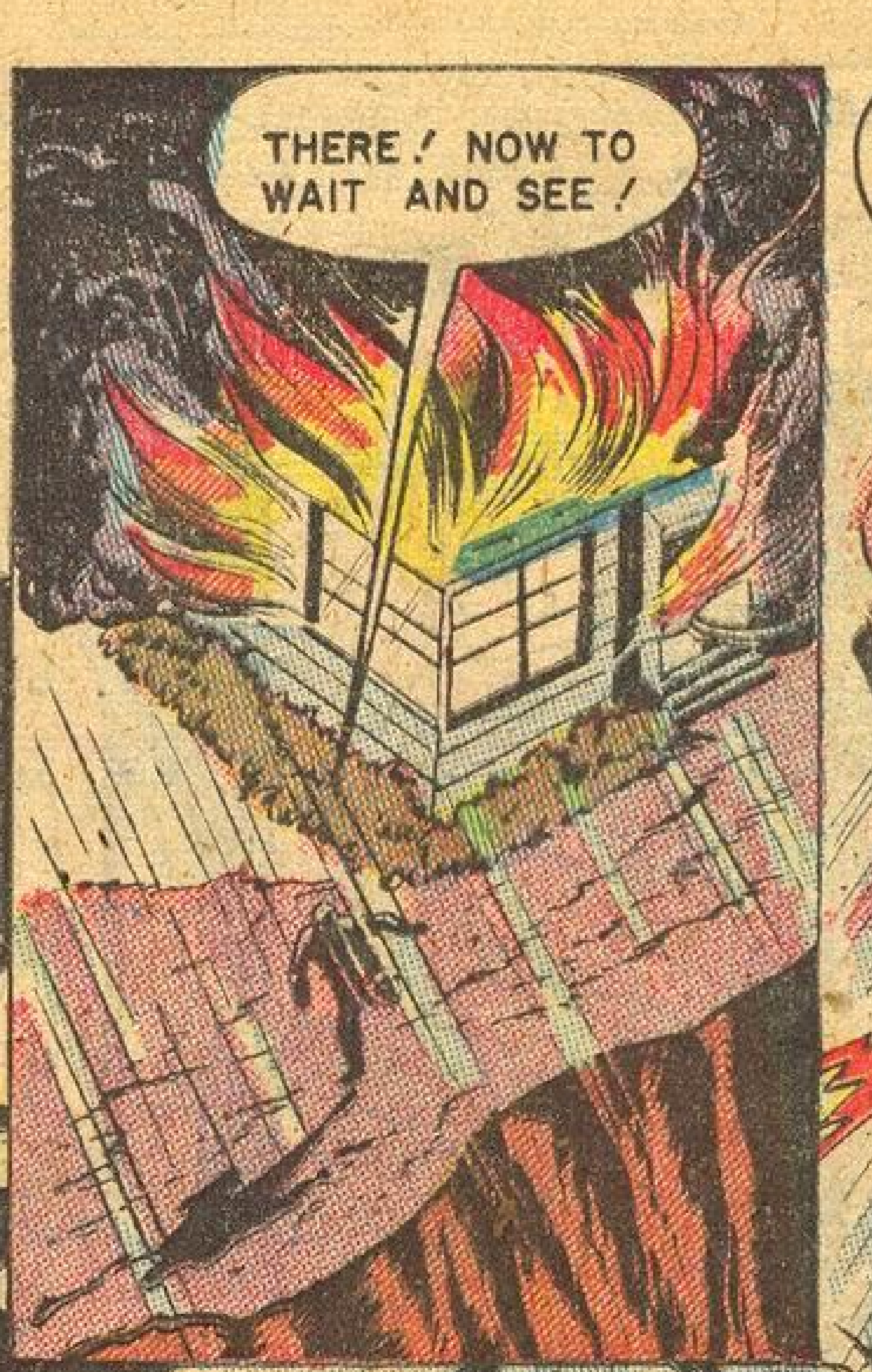

SECONDS LATER, THE MOST FEARFUL CRY ON LAND OR SEA IS HEARD!
FIRE!
FIRE AMIDSHIPS! ALL HANDS ON DECK!
FASTER THAN THOUGHT, PANIC OVERTAKES EVERYONE ON BOARD...
MAN THE LIFEBOATS!
THERE ARE EXPLOSIVES BELOW! WE'LL ALL BE BLOWN UP!
JUMP FOR YOUR LIVES!
THEY'LL NEVER NOTICE ME IN ALL THIS EXCITEMENT!
GOODBYE, CAPTAIN GREY! THANKS FOR A SWELL TRIP! HA HA!
JUST A MOMENT, SMITH!
SMITH TURNS TO GLARE INTO TWO EYES WHICH BURN INTO HIM LIKE LIVID COALS...
WHA-? YOU!
HELLO! I KNEW YOU WERE ON BOARD! IT WAS JUST A MATTER OF TIME BEFORE YOU'D PLAY YOUR HAND!
NO! IT'S IMPOSSIBLE! I LEFT YOU AT THE CARNIVAL! Y-YOU C-COULDN'T....
BUT I DID!
I'VE ESCAPED YOU BEFORE... AND I'LL DO IT AGAIN! DO YOU HEAR? AGAIN! I'LL...
YEOWW!

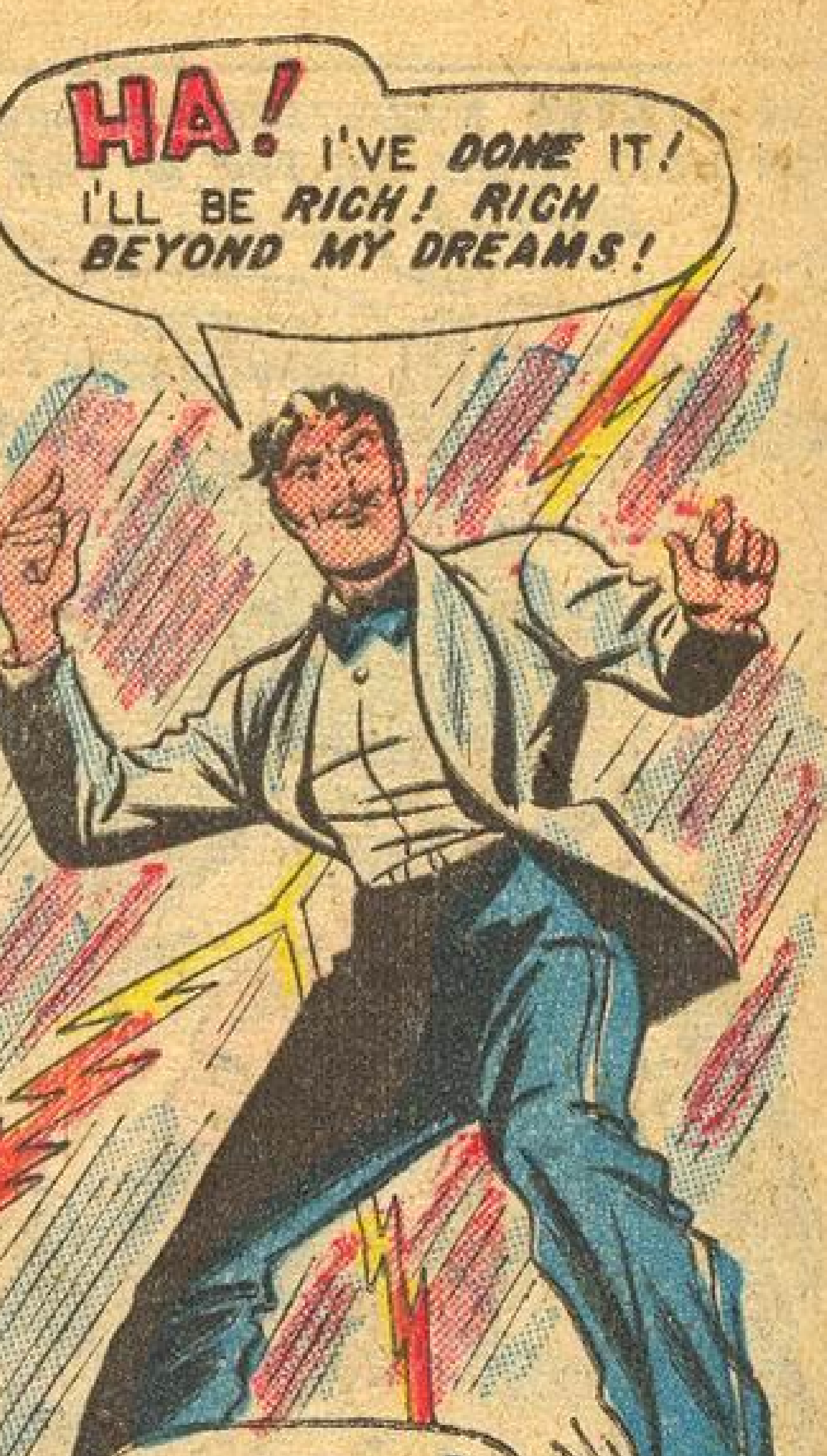

..AND, AS FAR AS MASON KNOWS, IT COULD BE SECONDS OR DAYS LATER . . .
HE'S COMING TO!
WH-WHAT HAPPENED? *WHERE AM I?*
THERE, THERE! RELAX! DON'T EXCITE YOURSELF! YOU'VE BEEN THROUGH A *GREAT STRAIN!*
YOU WERE FOUND *FLOATING* AT *SEA*...THE *ONLY SURVIVOR* OF THAT HORRIBLE BOAT FIRE AND EXPLOSION TWO DAYS AGO! YOU'VE BEEN *UNCONSCIOUS* FOR TWO DAYS, SEÑOR!
FOUND AT SEA? *ONLY SURVIVOR?*
NOW THERE IS *NO ONE* TO TESTIFY AGAINST ME! IF I'M THE SOLE SURVIVOR, THEN THE MAN IN BLACK *MUST BE DEAD! I'M FREE OF HIM AT LAST!*
AND NOW YOU MUST REST!
YOU BET! WITH A PRETTY NURSE LIKE YOU, I'LL BE WELL IN *NO TIME!* I'M GOING TO REST LIKE I *NEVER RESTED* BEFORE!
OH-H, *SEÑOR!*
AND SO, IN THE DAYS THAT PASS, THE ARCH-CRIMINAL IS NURSED BACK TO HEALTH BY NURSE CARMEN GONZALES!

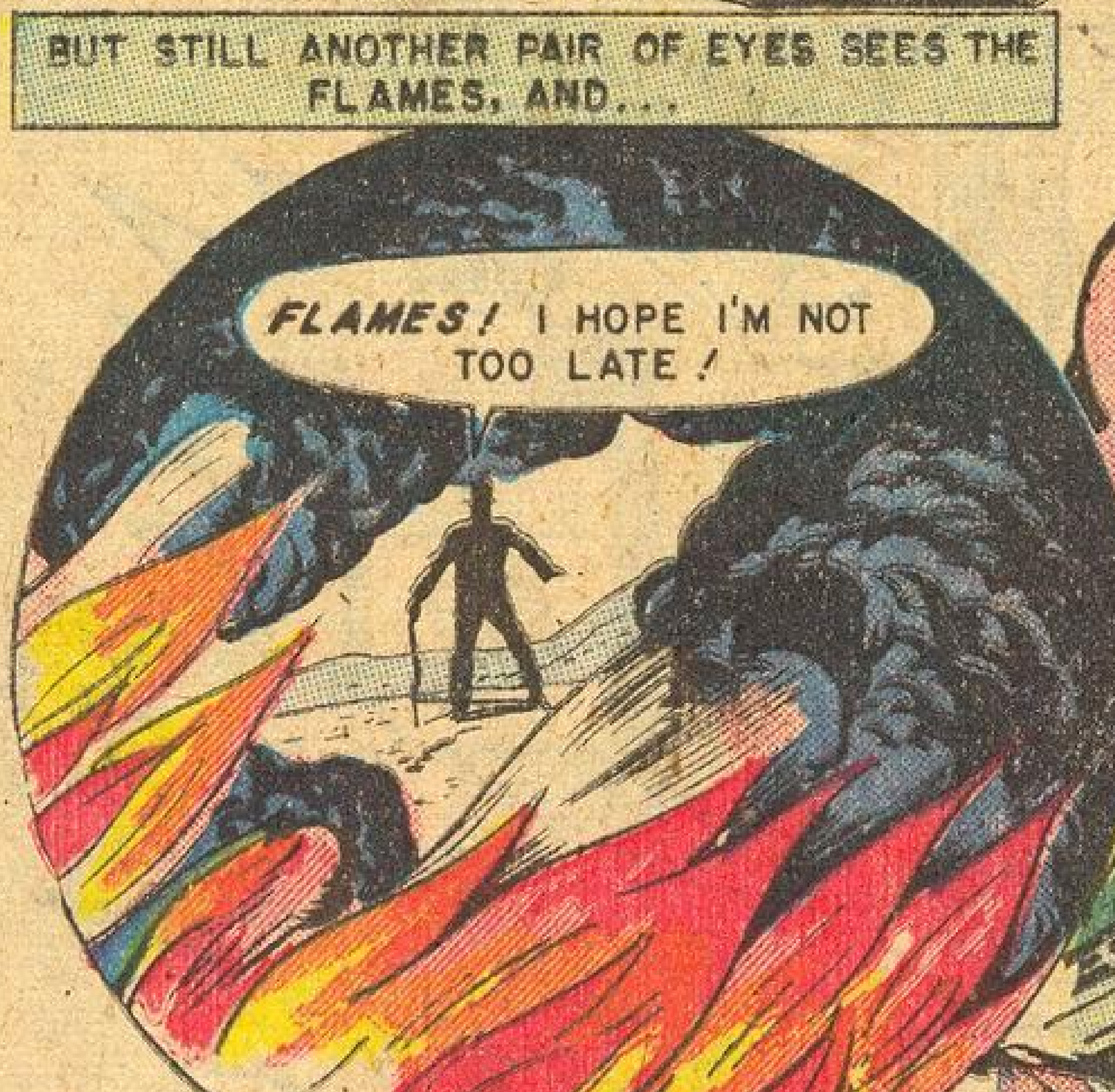

TELL ME AGAIN ABOUT YOUR FATHER'S RUBBER PLANTATION, MY SWEET!
OH, IT IS NOTHING MUCH! FATHER OWNS FIVE THOUSAND ACRES OF RUBBER TREES... THE LARGEST PLANTATION IN THIS AREA!
THE LITTLE NURSE FINDS HERSELF FALLING IN LOVE WITH THIS STRANGE MAN FROM ACROSS THE SEA...
AND YOU SAY YOU ARE *INSURED* FOR *HALF A MILLION DOLLARS*?
SÍ, THAT IS RIGHT! IF I SHOULD DIE, MY CLOSEST RELATIVE WOULD RECEIVE *ALL THAT MONEY*!
BUT WHY SHOULD I WORRY? I AM YOUNG! I AM GOING TO LIVE FOR A *VERY LONG TIME MORE, NO?*
HUH? *YES*... YES, *OF COURSE!*
FINALLY THE DAY COMES FOR "SMITH" TO LEAVE THE HOSPITAL...
YOU ARE WELL! WHAT ARE YOUR PLANS NOW THAT YOU'RE LEAVING THE HOSPITAL?
I DON'T KNOW...
BUT, WITH THE PROSPECT OF MARRYING A NURSE WHOSE FATHER IS A MILLIONAIRE, MASON, OR SMITH, CAN'T LEAVE WITHOUT A TRY...
I *DO* KNOW! I'M GOING TO *MARRY* YOU! YOU *MUST* MARRY ME... *I LOVE YOU!*
OH, CARL! I...
AND THE LITTLE NURSE, FLATTERED BY THE ATTENTION OF A FAST-TALKING STRANGER, SOON TAKES THE FATAL STEP, LITTLE DREAMING OF THE STARTLING FATE IN STORE FOR HER...
OH, IT WAS *JUST LIKE* THE *AMERICAN WEDDINGS* I'VE SEEN IN THE *MOVIES*!
HA-HA! BUT WAIT... I'VE *ANOTHER* SURPRISE FOR YOU!

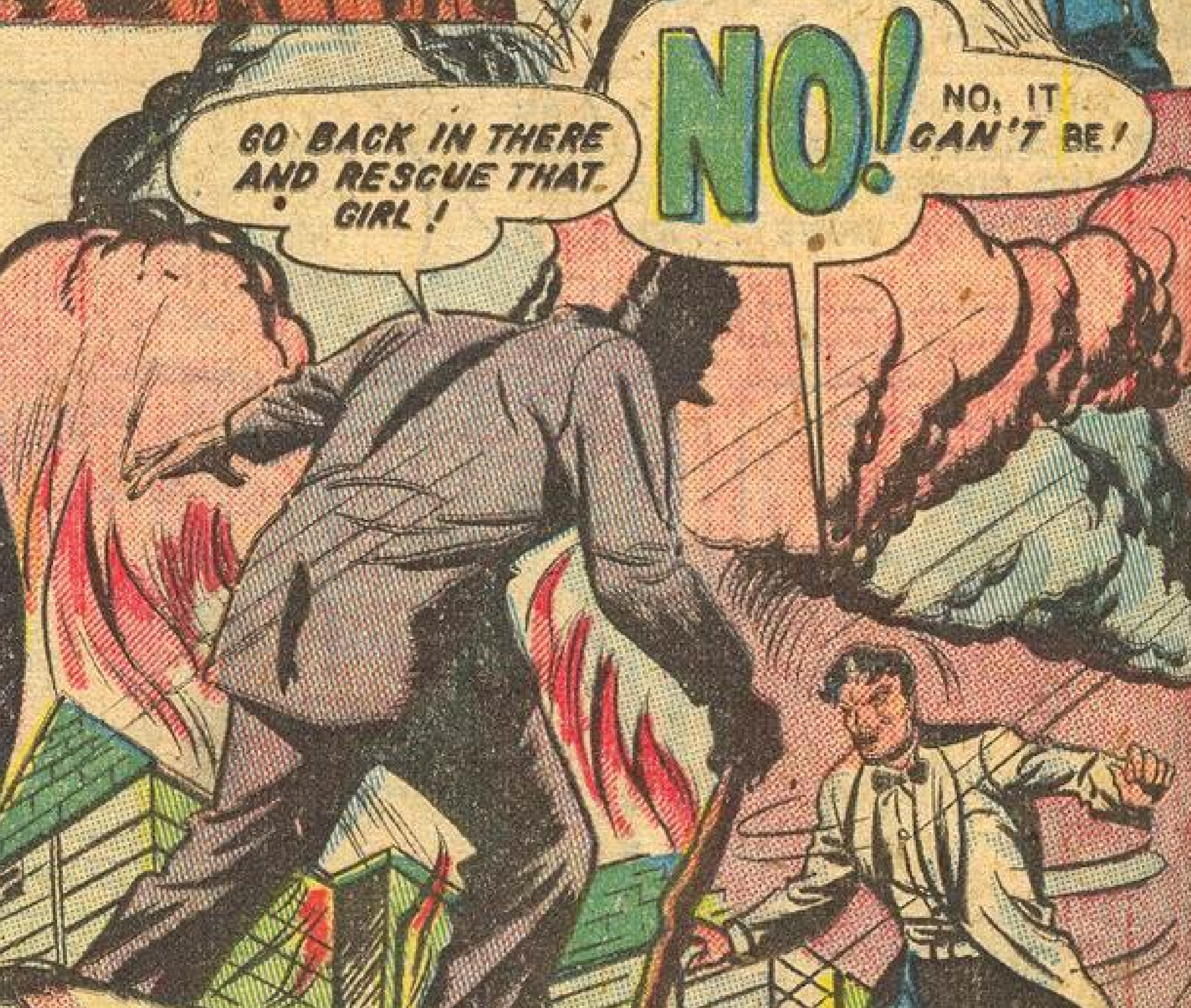

I'VE RENTED A COTTAGE UP HERE FOR US... *HERE*, ON *TOP OF THE WORLD*!
HOW *WONDERFUL*!
I'M *SO HAPPY*!
I HOPE YOU WILL BE TILL THE DAY WE DIE!
...LITTLE DOES MASON DREAM WHAT PROPHETIC WORDS HE IS UTTERING...
NOW THAT I'M YOUR HUSBAND, *I* AM YOUR NEAREST RELATIVE! AND, IF ANYTHING SHOULD HAPPEN TO YOU, *I* INHERIT YOUR MONEY... *RIGHT*?
YES... BUT WHY TALK OF SUCH THINGS NOW? HOW BEAUTIFUL IT IS HERE!
YES, IT *IS* BEAUTIFUL HERE... *VERY* BEAUTIFUL!
CHLOROFORM
IT'S SO QUIET HERE, IT REMINDS YOU OF *DEATH*!
YES,, *SO IT DOES*!
I'M GLAD YOU'RE HAPPY NOW! I WANT YOU TO *ALWAYS* REMEMBER THIS MOMENT!
OH, I WILL! *I WILL*!
JUST THEN, A FEW YARDS DOWN THE MOUNTAINSIDE, A MYSTERIOUS FIGURE IS PLODDING MENACINGLY UP TOWARD THE PEAK...
I'M ALMOST THERE! THIS TIME IT WILL BE THE *END* OF MY *QUEST*!

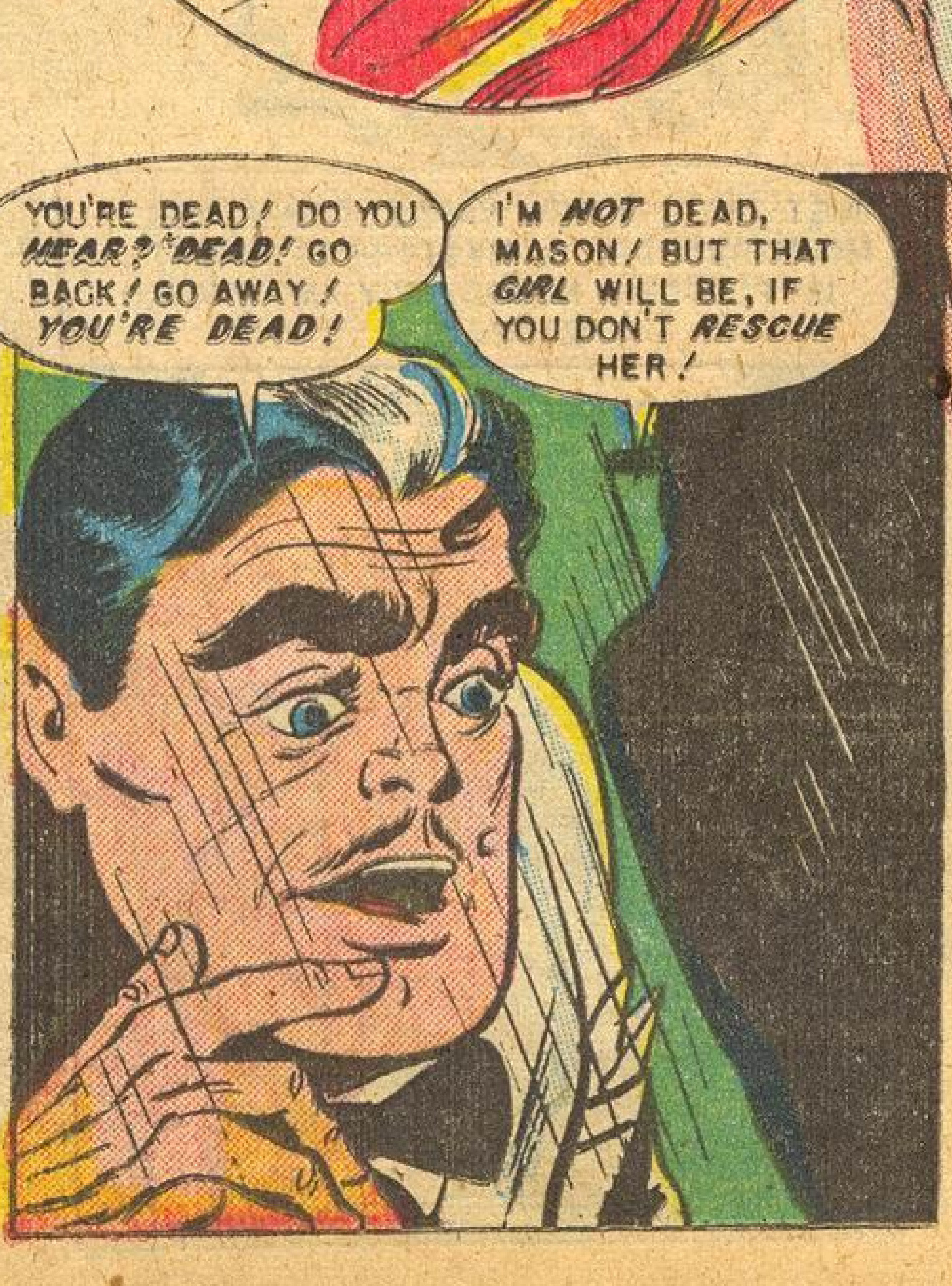

MEANWHILE, BACK INSIDE THE COTTAGE, LOVELY DOLORES LIES IN A STUPOR INDUCED BY THE CHLOROFORMED HANDKERCHIEF WIELDED BY HER VICIOUS GROOM!
IT WORKED ON THE SHIP... IT'LL WORK AGAIN! AFTER I GO TO TOWN TO ANNOUNCE THE "ACCIDENT," I'LL COLLECT MY INSURANCE PAYMENT AND FADE FROM SIGHT! IT'S ALL SO EASY!

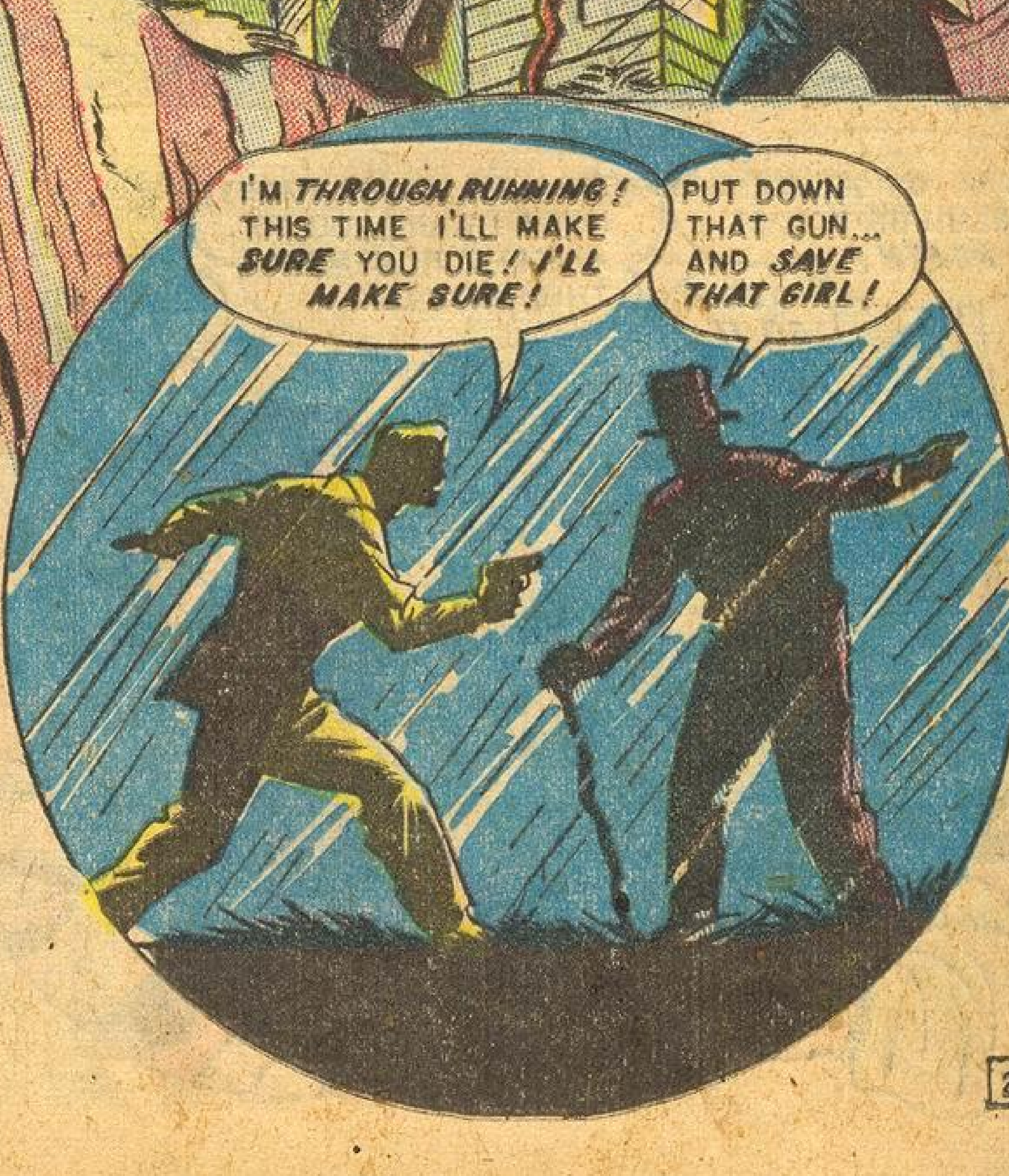

THERE! NOW TO WAIT AND SEE!

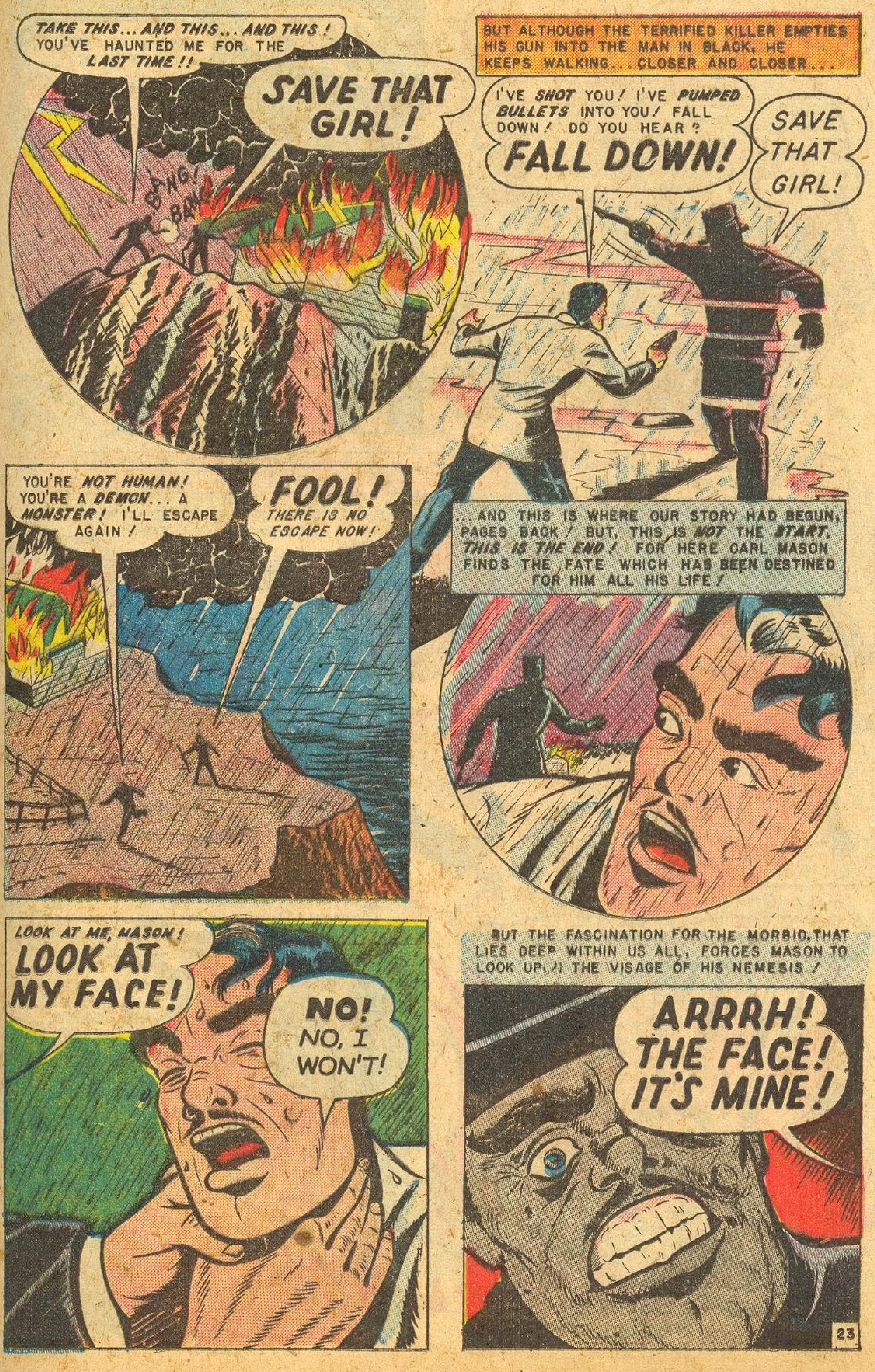

HA! I'VE DONE IT! I'LL BE RICH! RICH BEYOND MY DREAMS!

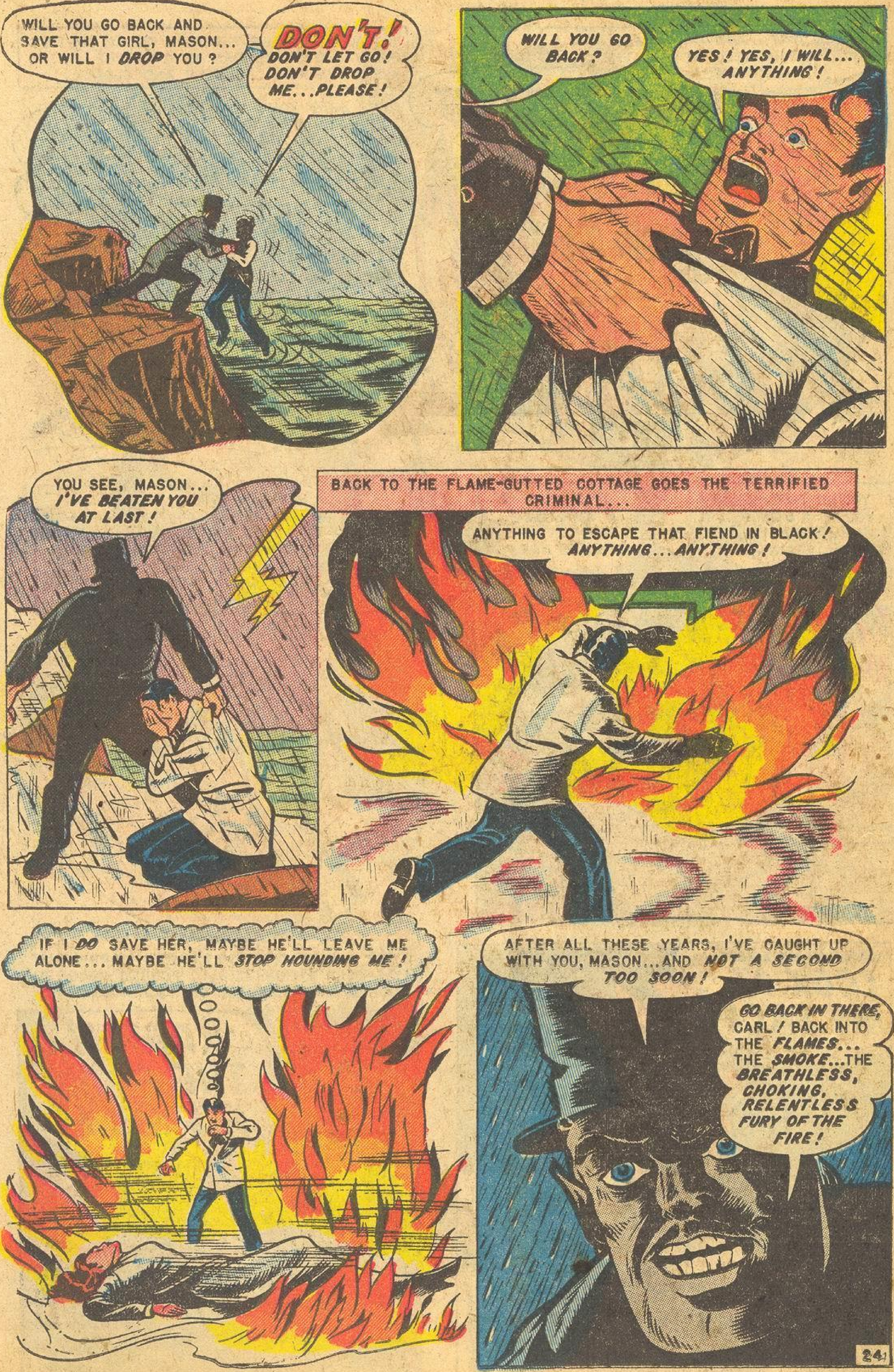

BUT STILL ANOTHER PAIR OF EYES SEES THE FLAMES, AND...
FLAMES! I HOPE I'M NOT TOO LATE!

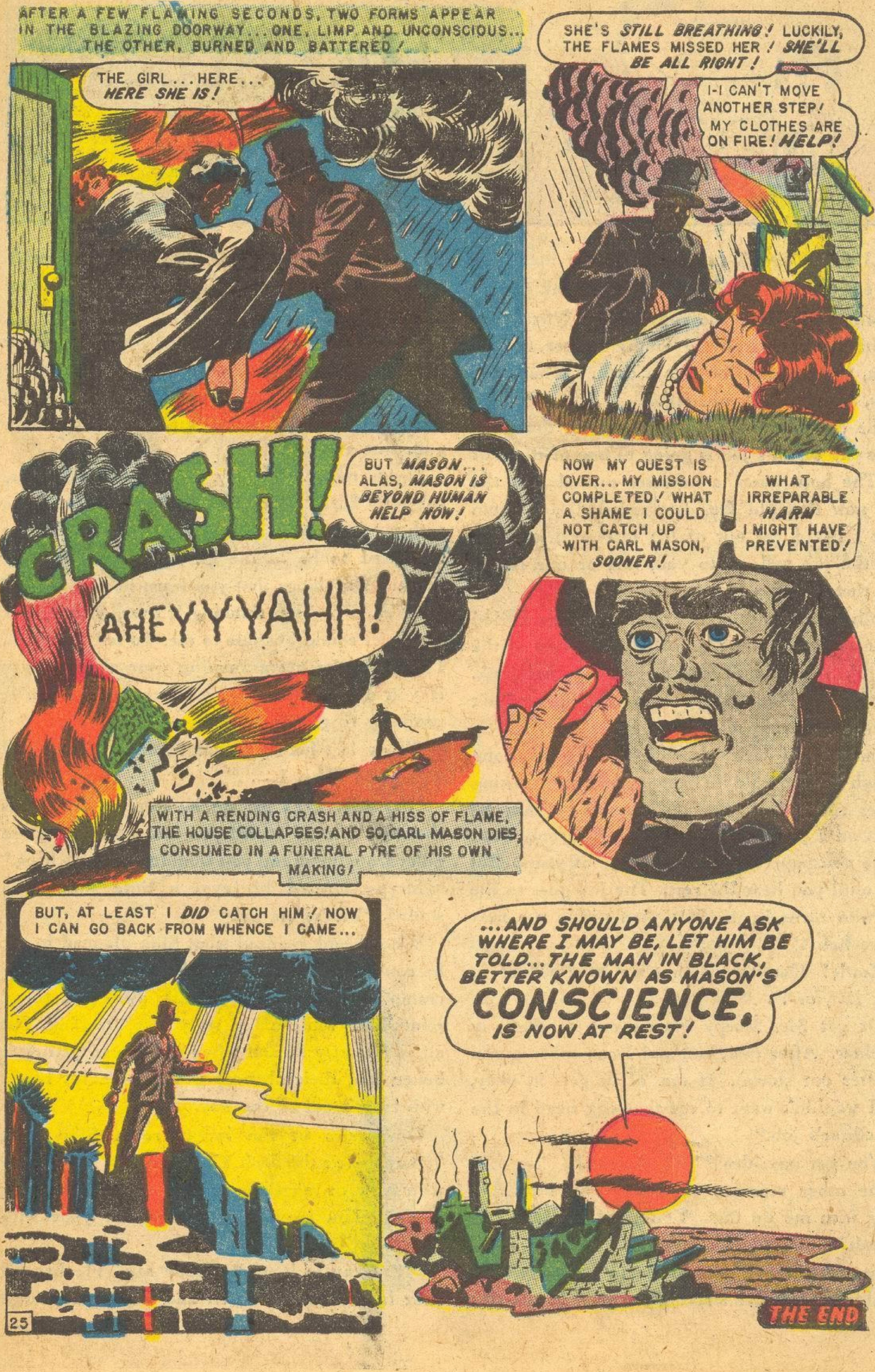

GO BACK IN THERE AND RESCUE THAT GIRL!
NO! NO, IT CAN'T BE!


YOU'RE DEAD! DO YOU HEAR? DEAD! GO BACK! GO AWAY! YOU'RE DEAD!
I'M NOT DEAD, MASON! BUT THAT GIRL WILL BE, IF YOU DON'T RESCUE HER!


I'M THROUGH RUNNING! THIS TIME I'LL MAKE SURE YOU DIE! I'LL MAKE SURE!
PUT DOWN THAT GUN... AND SAVE THAT GIRL!


TAKE THIS... AND THIS... AND THIS! YOU'VE HAUNTED ME FOR THE LAST TIME!!
SAVE THAT GIRL!
BANG! BANG!
BUT ALTHOUGH THE TERRIFIED KILLER EMPTIES HIS GUN INTO THE MAN IN BLACK, HE KEEPS WALKING... CLOSER AND CLOSER...
I'VE SHOT YOU! I'VE PUMPED BULLETS INTO YOU! FALL DOWN! DO YOU HEAR? FALL DOWN!
SAVE THAT GIRL!
YOU'RE NOT HUMAN! YOU'RE A DEMON... A MONSTER! I'LL ESCAPE AGAIN!
FOOL! THERE IS NO ESCAPE NOW!
...AND THIS IS WHERE OUR STORY HAD BEGUN, PAGES BACK! BUT, THIS IS NOT THE START, THIS IS THE END! FOR HERE CARL MASON FINDS THE FATE WHICH HAS BEEN DESTINED FOR HIM ALL HIS LIFE!
LOOK AT ME, MASON! LOOK AT MY FACE!
NO! NO, I WON'T!
BUT THE FASCINATION FOR THE MORBID, THAT LIES DEEP WITHIN US ALL, FORCES MASON TO LOOK UP AT THE VISAGE OF HIS NEMESIS!
ARRRH! THE FACE! IT'S MINE!


WILL YOU GO BACK AND SAVE THAT GIRL, MASON... OR WILL I *DROP* YOU ?
DON'T! DON'T LET GO! DON'T DROP ME...PLEASE!
WILL YOU GO BACK ?
YES! YES, I WILL... ANYTHING!
YOU SEE, MASON... *I'VE BEATEN YOU AT LAST!*
BACK TO THE FLAME-GUTTED COTTAGE GOES THE TERRIFIED CRIMINAL...
ANYTHING TO ESCAPE THAT FIEND IN BLACK! *ANYTHING...ANYTHING!*
IF I *DO* SAVE HER, MAYBE HE'LL LEAVE ME ALONE... MAYBE HE'LL *STOP HOUNDING ME!*
AFTER ALL THESE YEARS, I'VE CAUGHT UP WITH YOU, MASON...AND *NOT A SECOND TOO SOON!*
GO BACK IN THERE, CARL! BACK INTO THE *FLAMES...* THE *SMOKE*...THE *BREATHLESS, CHOKING, RELENTLESS FURY OF THE FIRE!*


AFTER A FEW FLAMING SECONDS, TWO FORMS APPEAR IN THE BLAZING DOORWAY... ONE, LIMP AND UNCONSCIOUS... THE OTHER, BURNED AND BATTERED!
THE GIRL... HERE... HERE SHE IS!
SHE'S STILL BREATHING! LUCKILY, THE FLAMES MISSED HER! SHE'LL BE ALL RIGHT!
I-I CAN'T MOVE ANOTHER STEP! MY CLOTHES ARE ON FIRE! HELP!
CRASH!
AHEYYYAHH!
BUT MASON... ALAS, MASON IS BEYOND HUMAN HELP NOW!
WITH A RENDING CRASH AND A HISS OF FLAME, THE HOUSE COLLAPSES! AND SO, CARL MASON DIES, CONSUMED IN A FUNERAL PYRE OF HIS OWN MAKING!
NOW MY QUEST IS OVER... MY MISSION COMPLETED! WHAT A SHAME I COULD NOT CATCH UP WITH CARL MASON, SOONER!
WHAT IRREPARABLE HARM I MIGHT HAVE PREVENTED!
BUT, AT LEAST I DID CATCH HIM! NOW I CAN GO BACK FROM WHENCE I CAME...
...AND SHOULD ANYONE ASK WHERE I MAY BE, LET HIM BE TOLD... THE MAN IN BLACK, BETTER KNOWN AS MASON'S CONSCIENCE, IS NOW AT REST!
25
THE END

THAT SLEEPY MAN

SLIM TIDINGS came out of the managing editor's office and nodded for Hank Corbin to follow him into the copy room. When they reached a comparatively empty corner of the room, the two sat down at a desk. "What's the story, Slim?" Hank queried.

The big fellow tapped a pencil on the desk. "The city editor's job is going to one of three of us. The boss wants a reporter moved into the spot now that old Gus has resigned, and from what I could get out of his secretary, it seems that the job will go to you, me, or our friend over there, Sleepy Harris."

Both Hank and Slim eyed the figure curled up on top of the desk, shielded from view of the boss by a mound of papers and assorted junk. "*That* guy?" Hank said, astounded. "He couldn't keep his eyes open that long!"

Slim snorted derisively. "He's been awake long enough to get hold of some mighty interesting stories these days. In fact, the boss thinks he ranks on a par with us, although he's only been in the newspaper business a couple of years. But wait until you hear the rest. The job goes to the one who turns in the best yarn within the next twelve hours!"

"Zowie! That means that we have to get to work fast, or . . ."

"Or get Mr. Sleepy Harris out of the way somehow. After that, you and I can split up and go after our stories. If one of us gets it, okay, but I wouldn't want to see that egg head in the city editor's job."

"You got any ideas?" Hank asked.

The other reporter nodded. "You bet. Play along with me on this. You'll get the idea fast enough."

Slim rose, strode over to Sleepy and shook his shoulder. After five shakings, a prod in the ribs and a clip on the ear, Sleepy opened his eyes. "Hi, guys, what gives? The boss want to see me or something?"

"Naw," Slim grinned, "I just wanted to know something. You said once that if somebody stranded you in the middle of the Sahara Desert, you could beat him back home. That's how sharp your wits are huh?"

Sleepy nodded happily, for it was his favorite subject. "Sure," he told Slim, "that's right. Why, with my army training I could squirm out of my fix. Used to be in the O. S. S., y'know, and, brother, the things that you learn in that outfit!"

"Well, I've been thinking it over, Sleepy, and it doesn't sound possible to me. To tell the truth, I think you're overestimating your ability. Even if you did learn anything in the army, you've probably forgotten it all by now!"

Sleepy lost his tired look at once. "You're all wet, Slim! Why, I . . ."

"No talk. Let's bet on it. I have fifty bucks that says I could strand you less than a hundred miles from home and you wouldn't beat me back."

Sleepy opened his eyes a little wider and smiled. "You're on, pal."

When Hank realized what Slim planned to do, he could hardly stifle a laugh. It would certainly cramp Sleepy's style to be miles away in a forest somewhere while a big story was breaking. But all is fair in war, and when it came to getting a better job, their chances would be a lot better with Harris out of the way.

Downstairs in the locker room Slim said, "Okay, here's the deal. You can't take any money with you or anything valuable you'd be able to sell. You have to get home on your wits, Right?"

"It's okay with me," Sleepy said. He handed over his wallet, his watch and the loose change

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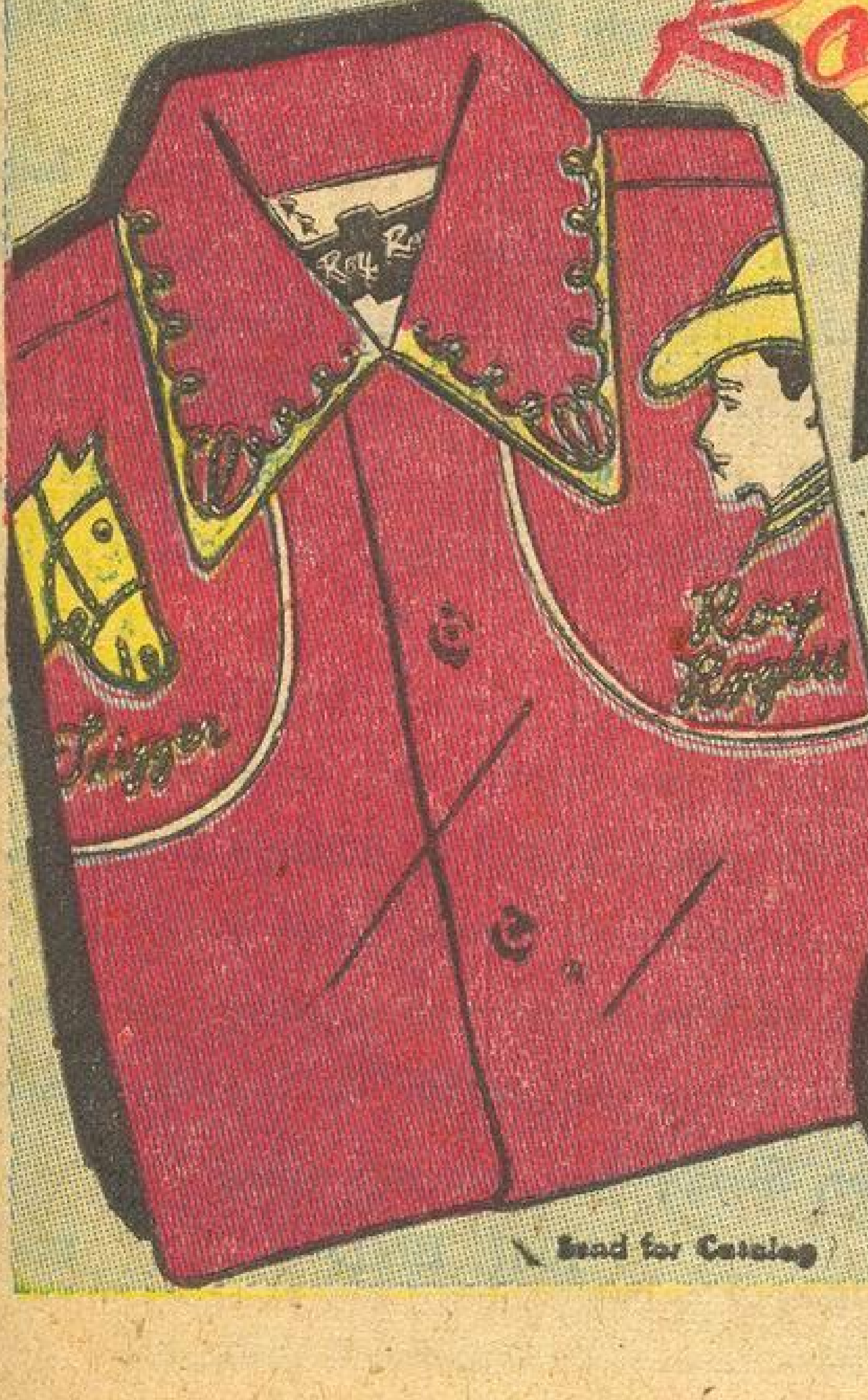

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in his pockets. Only then did the three of them troop down to Hank's car and climb in.

Hank had carefully thought out where to leave their victim. He'd discovered a perfect spot about forty miles out in the country, high up on the side of a mountain. It would take a man a good ten hours to walk back to town since the road was hardly ever used, but they could get there in the car with plenty of time left over to get back themselves and dig up a good story. Yep, this was the end of that sleepy nuisance, Mr. Harris.

They rode in silence for an hour and a half. Almost immediately Sleepy's head had dropped and he'd gone off into a sound slumber. Both the reporters had laughed—the drip wouldn't even know which direction to turn when they let him out.

Dusk had just settled when Slim shook Sleepy's shoulder. "Here you are, pal! Rise and shine!"

Rubbing his eyes, Sleepy woke up. "I get off here?"

"You're not kidding! And don't forget to show up with that fifty bucks! So long, bright boy!" The car roared and churned down the road as its wheels bit into the soft dirt. Sleepy watched the departing car and smiled to himself.

A half hour later when they were back on the main highway, Slim's grinning self-satisfaction was interrupted by the swaying of the car that could mean only one thing—a flat. They stopped to check the tires—and found one down to the rim. What made it worse was the spare—that was flat, too! The only consolation they had was knowing that high up on the mountain miles away Sleepy Harris was having an even rougher time.

They sat beside the road for about four hours before a passing truck came to their aid with tire patches and a pump, and it was another hour before they were on their way again. By the time they reached the city the sun was up.

According to their plan, now that Sleepy was out of the running, they'd split up and go after their stories, and may the better man win. Hank dropped Slim off on the police beat while he took the uptown section around the waterfront.

Never had either of them seen a busier day. They roared up and down their assigned territories covering lead after lead, piling up sure-fire front page stuff. At three o'clock they both came tearing into the news room clutching handfuls of notes and sat down at their typewriters to bat out the stories. Just before the deadline of the late afternoon edition they stormed into the boss' office and threw their stuff down on his desk.

Carl Hanson, the managing editor, glanced at them briefly. "Good stuff, fellows," he said. "Turn it in at the city editor's desk."

Hank's jaw went slack. He stared at Slim, who seemed to be in the same amazed condition. "Y . . . you mean there's a . . ."

"Yup," the boss cut in, "a new city editor. Your friend, Sleepy Harris, has the job. Man, what a news hound he is! What a story he got out for today! You should see the early edition! They're bringing in an escaped convict on the train and his pals try to pull a rescue, but the cops shoot it out and get the whole gang. And there was Sleepy right on the job, sitting behind the cops and the convict all the way. He sure smelt a story a long way off!"

The two men practically staggered into the new editor's office. They had to wake Sleepy up to turn in their stories. Slim glared at him. "How'd you get back so fast?"

Sleepy yawned. "Why, I ran down the hillside and hopped on the back of your car. By the way, I hope the tire wasn't ripped too much. I held a stone against it until it wore out and went flat."

"*What?*" Hank exclaimed. "A free ride! But the train—where'd you get the money for a ticket?"

"That? Shucks, I picked Slim's pocket while he thought I was asleep. Oh, by the way, I took sixty bucks when I did it. Here's ten back. I'll just deduct the fifty I won from you."

Slim took the money wordlessly, and the two started to leave the office. Before they reached the door, Sleepy was snoring again.

THE END

SL—3431

RED UNIT

- Annie Oakley
- Blackstone the Magician
- Blonde Phantom
- Complete Mystery Stories
- Crimefighters Always Win
- Georgie
- Ideal Comics
- Joker Comics
- Justice
- Lawbreakers Always Lose
- Margie
- Marvel Mystery Comics
- Millie the Model
- Namora
- Nellie the Nurse
- Patsy Walker
- Sub-Mariner
- Sun Girl
- Teen Comics
- Tessie the Typist
- Tex Morgan
- Two-Gun Kid
- Wild Western
- Willie

BLUE-YELLOW UNIT

- All-True Crime Cases
- All Winners
- Blaze Carson
- Captain America
- Cindy
- Comedy Comics
- Frankie
- Gay Comics
- Hedy de Vine
- Human Torch
- Jeanie
- Junior Miss
- Kid Colt
- Krazy Komics
- Lana
- Mitzi .
- My Romance
- Oscar
- Powerhouse Pepper
- Rusty
- Super Rabbit
- Tex Taylor
- The Witness
- Venus
- Wacky Duck

MARVEL COMIC GROUP

Hi, Friends:

The editors of this magazine would like to ask you an important question —— Why are you reading this magazine?

We believe the answer is that you enjoy comics, and that you enjoy reading this particular comic.

We want to help you protect your right to buy and read your favorite magazines, as long as they contain nothing that might be harmful to you. That is why we are writing you this open letter.

Lately, lots of people have been criticizing comics. They have been saying that comics teach you youngsters things that are not good for you, things like violence, cruelty, immorality, etc.

Some time back, we were fortunate in obtaining editorial advice from Dr. Jean Thompson, a psychiatrist in the Child Guidance Bureau of the New York City Board of Education. Dr. Thompson read our magazines, approved our stories generally, gave us suggestions for the finest kind of stories, and agreed to serve as editorial consultant on all future magazines. She will insure the fact that our comics contain nothing that might meet with objections from your parents, teachers or friends.

That is our answer to the charge that comics are bad.

Now, this is the way we can help you keep the privilege of buying and reading what you want. The magazines listed on this page are all in the Marvel Comic Group. Look through them, and you will see that there is nothing in these magazines that could possibly be considered harmful. Then show them to the critics of comics. Prove to those people that here is reading matter that no one can criticize.

Use judgment. Buy only the best comics, like the magazines listed on this page, or any of the other good ones, and prove to people that the magazines you read are above criticism.

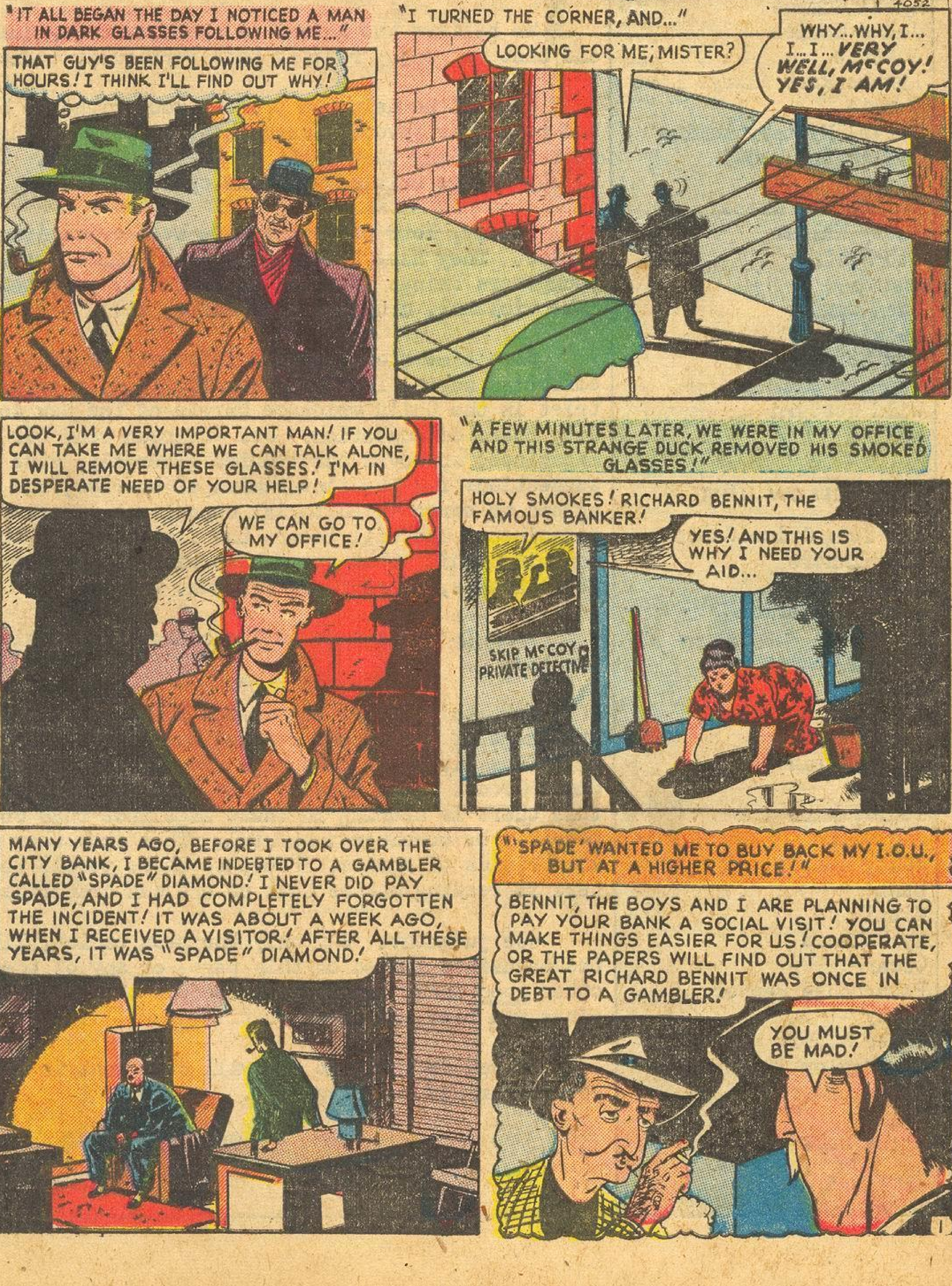
If you do that, no one will ever want to take your magazines away from you.

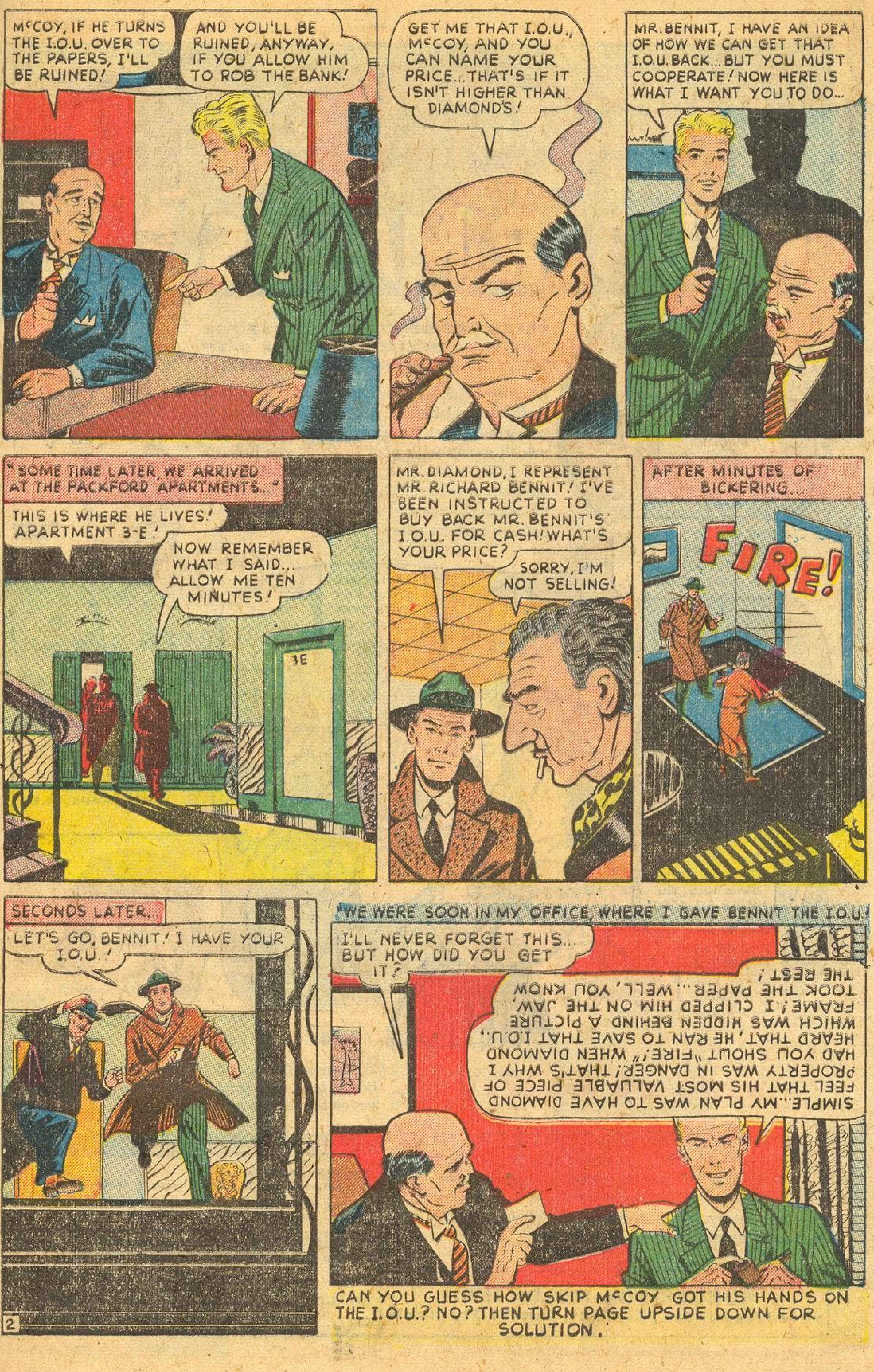
The Editors
Marvel Comic Group

LET'S PLAY DETECTIVE

STARRING DETECTIVE SKIP McCOY

"CALL A SPADE A SPADE!"

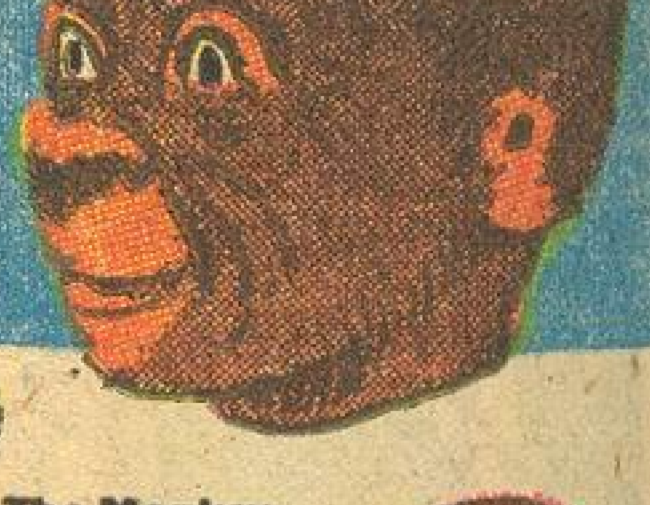

4052
"IT ALL BEGAN THE DAY I NOTICED A MAN IN DARK GLASSES FOLLOWING ME..."
THAT GUY'S BEEN FOLLOWING ME FOR HOURS! I THINK I'LL FIND OUT WHY!
"I TURNED THE CORNER, AND..."
LOOKING FOR ME, MISTER?
WHY...WHY, I... I...I... VERY WELL, McCOY! YES, I AM!
LOOK, I'M A VERY IMPORTANT MAN! IF YOU CAN TAKE ME WHERE WE CAN TALK ALONE, I WILL REMOVE THESE GLASSES! I'M IN DESPERATE NEED OF YOUR HELP!
WE CAN GO TO MY OFFICE!
"A FEW MINUTES LATER, WE WERE IN MY OFFICE, AND THIS STRANGE DUCK REMOVED HIS SMOKED GLASSES!"
HOLY SMOKES! RICHARD BENNIT, THE FAMOUS BANKER!
YES! AND THIS IS WHY I NEED YOUR AID...
SKIP McCOY PRIVATE DETECTIVE
MANY YEARS AGO, BEFORE I TOOK OVER THE CITY BANK, I BECAME INDEBTED TO A GAMBLER CALLED "SPADE" DIAMOND! I NEVER DID PAY SPADE, AND I HAD COMPLETELY FORGOTTEN THE INCIDENT! IT WAS ABOUT A WEEK AGO, WHEN I RECEIVED A VISITOR! AFTER ALL THESE YEARS, IT WAS "SPADE" DIAMOND!
"'SPADE' WANTED ME TO BUY BACK MY I.O.U., BUT AT A HIGHER PRICE!"
BENNIT, THE BOYS AND I ARE PLANNING TO PAY YOUR BANK A SOCIAL VISIT! YOU CAN MAKE THINGS EASIER FOR US! COOPERATE, OR THE PAPERS WILL FIND OUT THAT THE GREAT RICHARD BENNIT WAS ONCE IN DEBT TO A GAMBLER!
YOU MUST BE MAD!
1


McCOY, IF HE TURNS THE I.O.U. OVER TO THE PAPERS, I'LL BE RUINED!
AND YOU'LL BE RUINED, ANYWAY, IF YOU ALLOW HIM TO ROB THE BANK!
GET ME THAT I.O.U., McCOY, AND YOU CAN NAME YOUR PRICE.. THAT'S IF IT ISN'T HIGHER THAN DIAMOND'S!
MR. BENNIT, I HAVE AN IDEA OF HOW WE CAN GET THAT I.O.U. BACK... BUT YOU MUST COOPERATE! NOW HERE IS WHAT I WANT YOU TO DO...
"SOME TIME LATER, WE ARRIVED AT THE PACKFORD APARTMENTS..."
THIS IS WHERE HE LIVES! APARTMENT 3-E!
NOW REMEMBER WHAT I SAID... ALLOW ME TEN MINUTES!
3E
MR. DIAMOND, I REPRESENT MR. RICHARD BENNIT! I'VE BEEN INSTRUCTED TO BUY BACK MR. BENNIT'S I.O.U. FOR CASH! WHAT'S YOUR PRICE?
SORRY, I'M NOT SELLING!
AFTER MINUTES OF BICKERING...
FIRE!
SECONDS LATER.
LET'S GO, BENNIT! I HAVE YOUR I.O.U.!
"WE WERE SOON IN MY OFFICE, WHERE I GAVE BENNIT THE I.O.U."
I'LL NEVER FORGET THIS... BUT HOW DID YOU GET IT?
SIMPLE... MY PLAN WAS TO HAVE DIAMOND FEEL THAT HIS MOST VALUABLE PIECE OF PROPERTY WAS IN DANGER! THAT'S WHY I HAD YOU SHOUT "FIRE!" WHEN DIAMOND HEARD THAT, HE RAN TO SAVE THAT I.O.U., WHICH WAS HIDDEN BEHIND A PICTURE FRAME! I CLIPPED HIM ON THE JAW, TOOK THE PAPER... WELL, YOU KNOW THE REST!
CAN YOU GUESS HOW SKIP McCOY GOT HIS HANDS ON THE I.O.U.? NO? THEN TURN PAGE UPSIDE DOWN FOR SOLUTION.

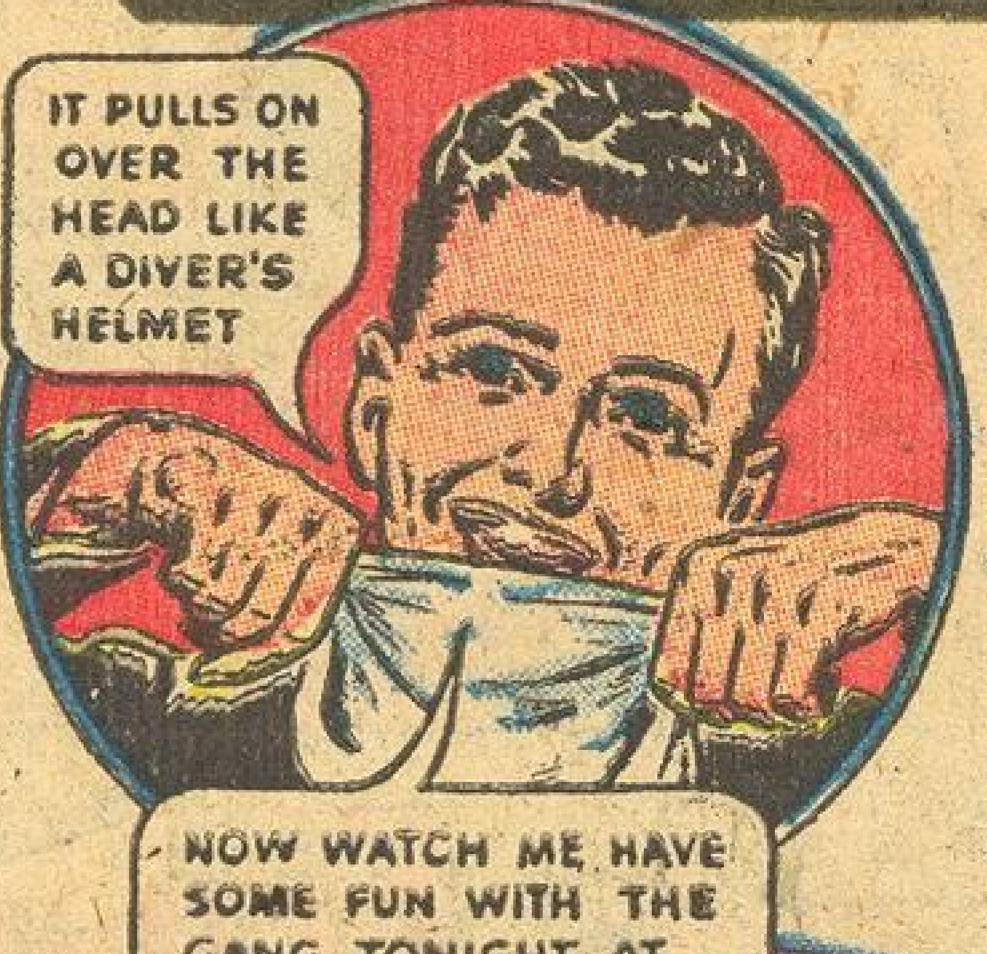
Enjoy Hilarious "Monkey-Shines" at your next Masquerade Party

WITH THESE AMAZING LIFE-LIKE

RUBBER MASKS



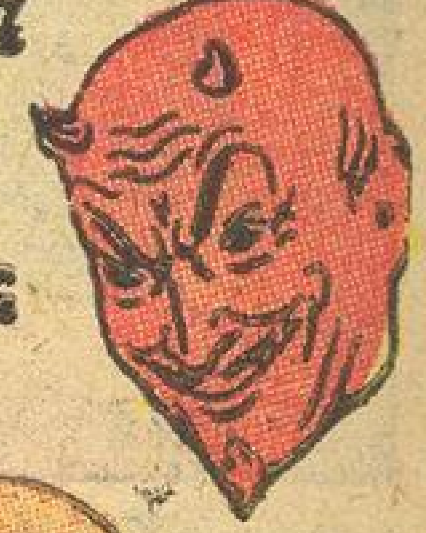
The Monkey $2.95


IT PULLS ON OVER THE HEAD LIKE A DIVER'S HELMET
NOW WATCH ME HAVE SOME FUN WITH THE GANG TONIGHT AT THE MASQUERADE

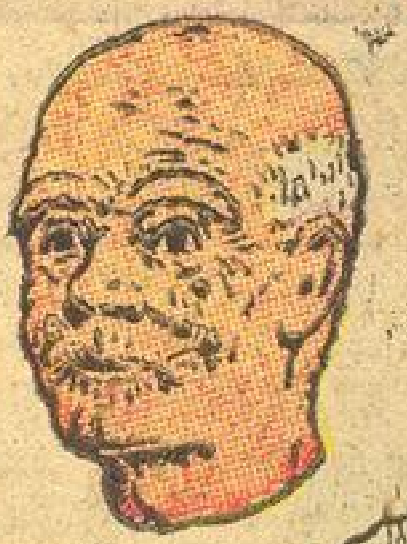
COVER ENTIRE HEAD . . . LAST FOR YEARS . . . SO LIFELIKE PEOPLE GASP WITH AMAZEMENT AND DELIGHT . . .

Mold-Art Rubber Masks are molded from best grade natural flexible rubber. They cover the entire head. Yet you see thru the "eyes." The mouth moves with your lips . . . you breathe . . . smoke . . . talk . . . even eat thru it. Hand-painted for realism. Wonderful for every dress-up occasion—for parties or gifts. Fun for children and adults alike.

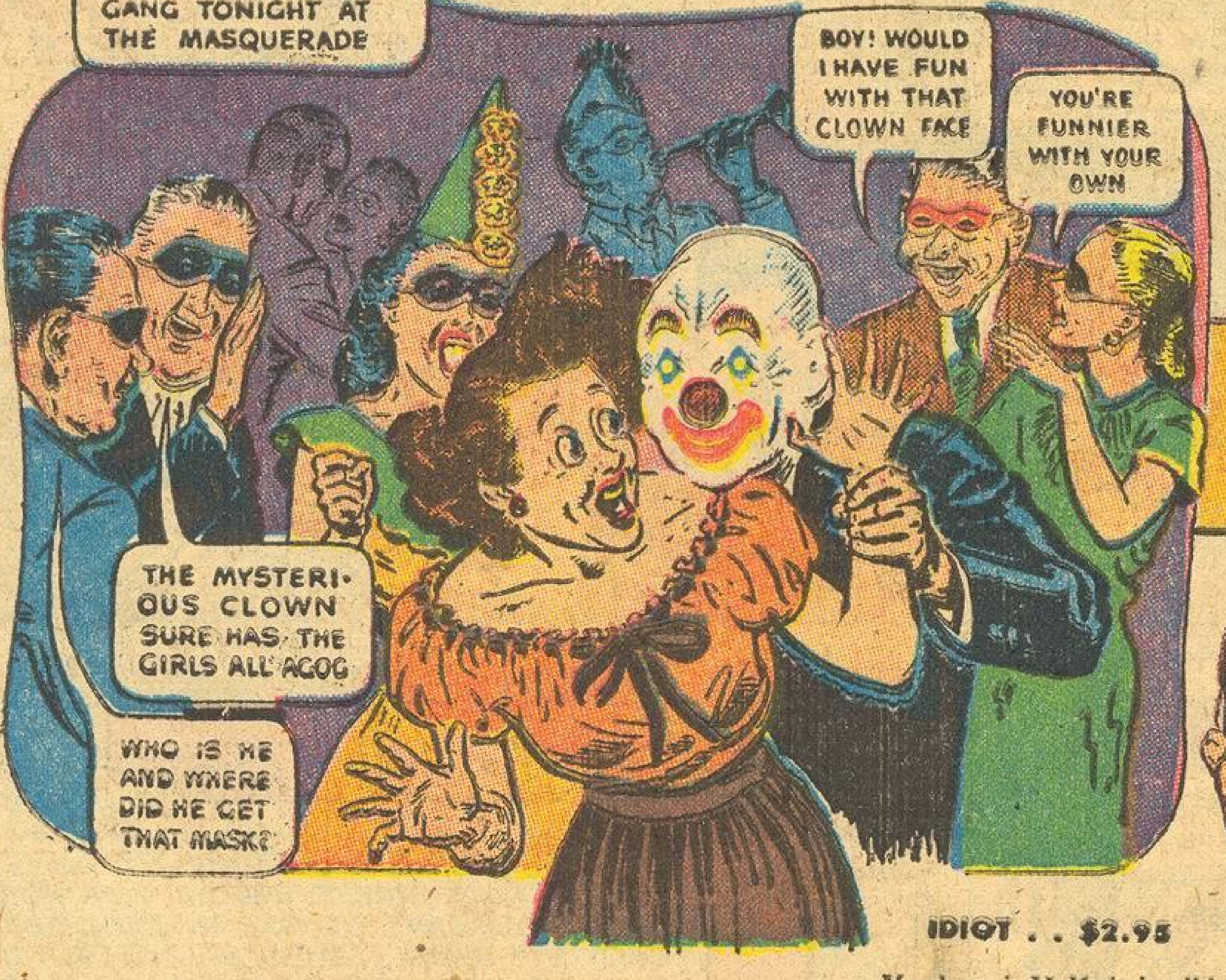
HOLYOKE

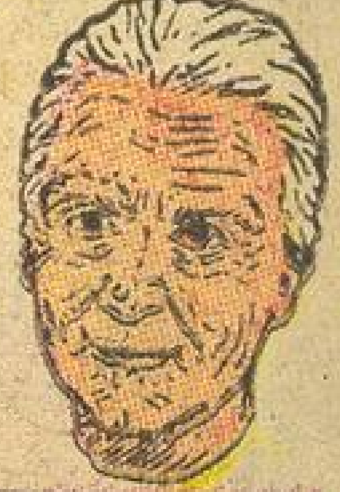


Satan $2.95



Old Man $2.95

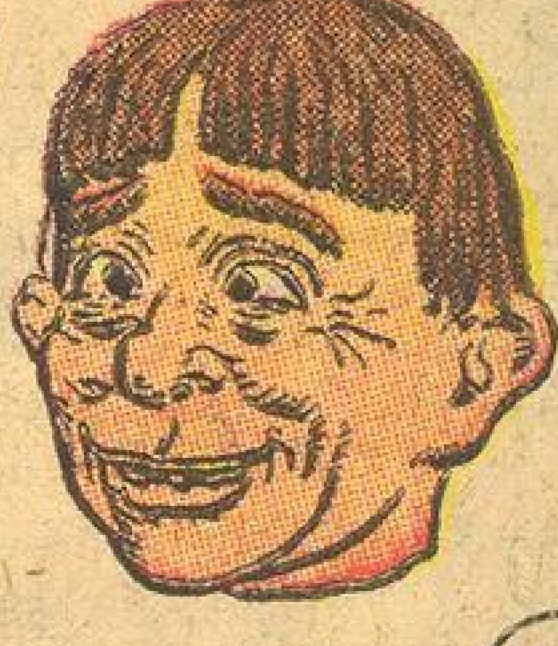

BOY! WOULD I HAVE FUN WITH THAT CLOWN FACE
YOU'RE FUNNIER WITH YOUR OWN
THE MYSTERIOUS CLOWN SURE HAS THE GIRLS ALL AGOG
WHO IS HE AND WHERE DID HE GET THAT MASK?



Old Lady $2.95

OTHER SUBJECTS

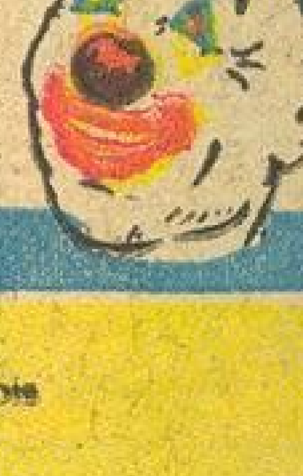
Beggar, $2.95
Special
SANTA CLAUS, $4.95



Clown $2.95

IDIOT . . $2.95

Yes here is Halfwit in all his goofiness. People howl with laughter when you put on this life-like mask.



SEND NO MONEY!

Just mail coupon below. ORDER MASKS BY NAME as listed in this ad. All masks priced at $2.95, except Santa Claus ($4.95). When package arrives pay postman the price plus C.O.D. postage (we pay postage if cash is sent with order). Sanitary laws prohibit return of worn masks. All masks guaranteed perfect.

RUBBER-FOR-MOLDS INC.
6044 Avondale Ave., Dept.54 L, Chicago 31, Illinois

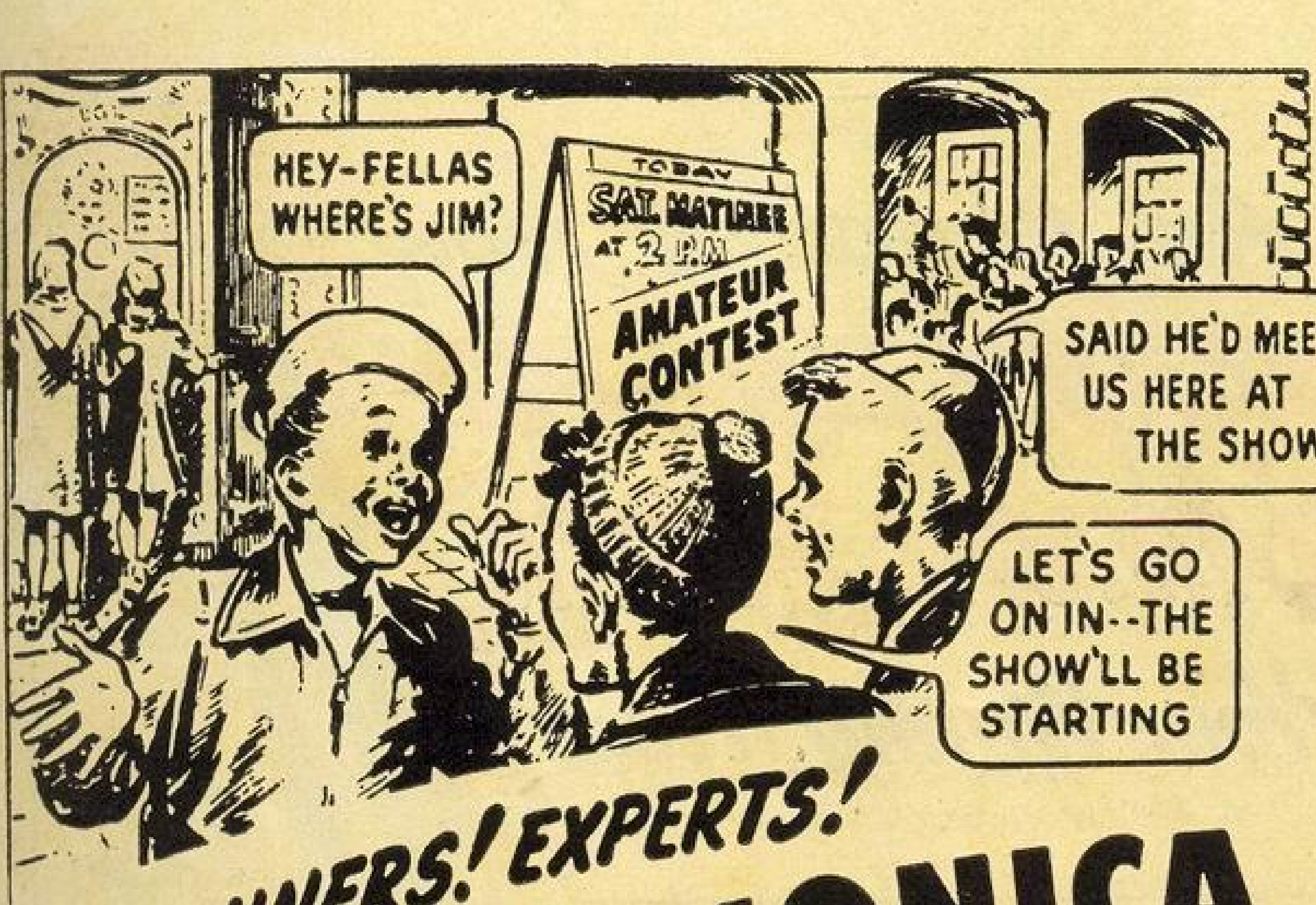
RUSH COUPON NOW!

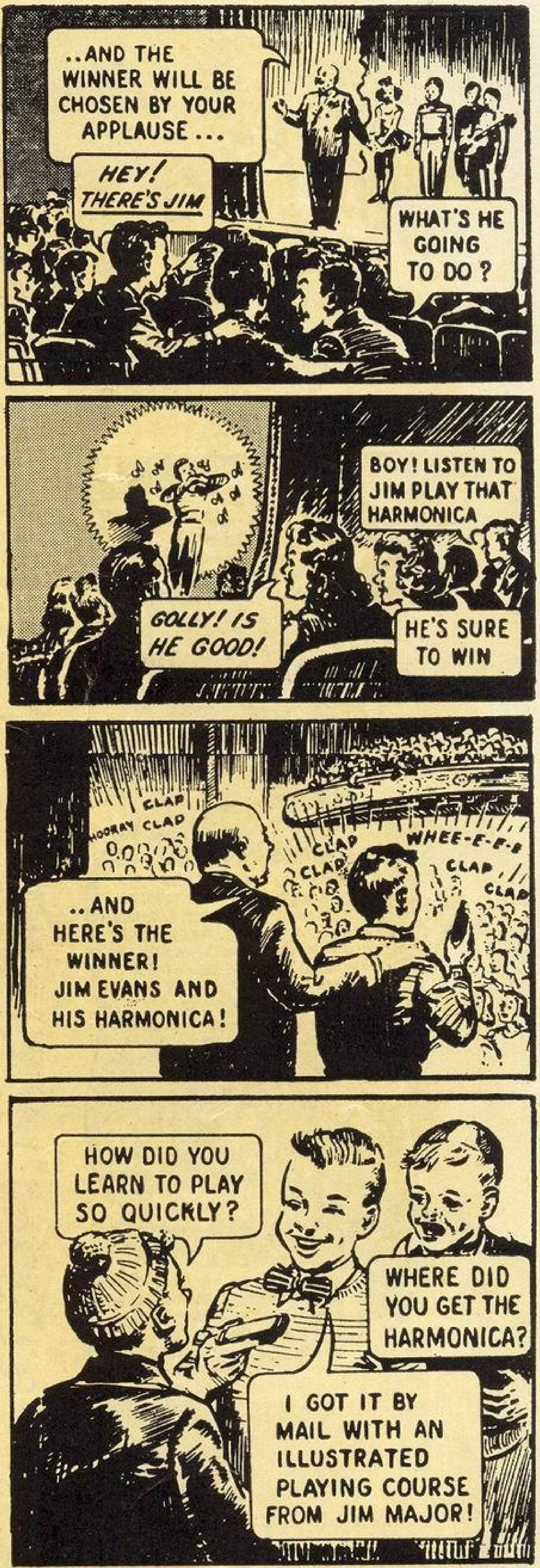
Rubber-For-Molds, Inc.
6044 Avondale Ave., Dept 54 L Chicago 31, Illinois

Send me Rubber Masks as listed below:

( ) Ship C.O.D. I will pay postman the price plus C.O.D. postage.
( ) Ship postpaid. Payment in full enclosed herewith.

NAME..
STREET..............................P.O. ZONE.......
CITY................................STATE.......


TODAY
SAT. MATINEE
AT 2 P.M.
AMATEUR CONTEST
HEY-FELLAS WHERE'S JIM?
SAID HE'D MEET US HERE AT THE SHOW
LET'S GO ON IN--THE SHOW'LL BE STARTING


..AND THE WINNER WILL BE CHOSEN BY YOUR APPLAUSE ...
HEY! THERE'S JIM
WHAT'S HE GOING TO DO ?
BOY! LISTEN TO JIM PLAY THAT HARMONICA
GOLLY! IS HE GOOD!
HE'S SURE TO WIN
CLAP
HOORAY CLAP
WHEE-E-E
CLAP
..AND HERE'S THE WINNER! JIM EVANS AND HIS HARMONICA!
HOW DID YOU LEARN TO PLAY SO QUICKLY?
WHERE DID YOU GET THE HARMONICA?
I GOT IT BY MAIL WITH AN ILLUSTRATED PLAYING COURSE FROM JIM MAJOR!

BEGINNERS! EXPERTS!

America's Finest HARMONICA

PHILMONET
Plus AMAZING NEW EASY 54 PAGE ILLUSTRATED PLAYING COURSE

BOTH BY MAIL FOR ONLY $1.98

Superior to any American or imported mouth organ manufactured! This PHILMONET is precision tuned. It's far easier to blow with rich tone that entrances. Has 10 Holes, 20 Bronze Reeds, Heavy Brass Plates, Heavy Chromium Plated Covers, Highly Polished, Lip and Tongue Ease; Easy Response; Longer Playing Life. Ebonite non-warp Comb. Entire instrument, comb, plates and covers firmly bolted into one single compact unit that can be taken apart, cleaned and sterilized in a few minutes! Key of "C." Not a toy but a real musical instrument. And even if you never blew a harmonica before, even if you don't know one music note from another, you can learn to play it "by tonight"!

BOTH By Mail For Only $1.98

KNOW THE JOY OF SWEET MOUTH-ORGAN MUSIC "BY TONIGHT"
SEND NO MONEY . . . 10 Day Trial

Yes, I can teach you to play sweet music that's joy for the soul . . . my new easier than ever instruction course is fully illustrated and shows you how to play any song without notes but by easily followed numbers. I show you how to do "tonguing," how to produce vibrato effects, trills . . . how to control rhythm for either solo or band playing. 54 pages, 10 illustrated lessons plus 41 pages of songs . . . yes, numbers and words to play 75 ever popular songs! Amazing offer not only brings instruction course but America's finest harmonica, the nationally known Philmonet . . . BOTH for only $1.98. Best of all, you test it at my risk! Mail your name, I'll send Philmonet and Instruction Course. On arrival deposit only $1.98 plus C.O.D. postage. Keep 10 days. If 10 day trial doesn't delight beyond words, return purchase for money back! Be popular. Have fun! Know the contentment of music. Write for this wonderful music offer today!

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Chicago 11, Illinois

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JIM MAJOR, The Harmonica Man
Dept. 54 L 230 E. Ohio St., Chicago 11, Ill.

Send all metal Philmonet Harmonica with 54 page Illustrated Instruction Course. I'll pay only $1.98 plus C.O.D. postage on arrival on your guarantee if I am not satisfied on 10 day trial I can return for full refund.

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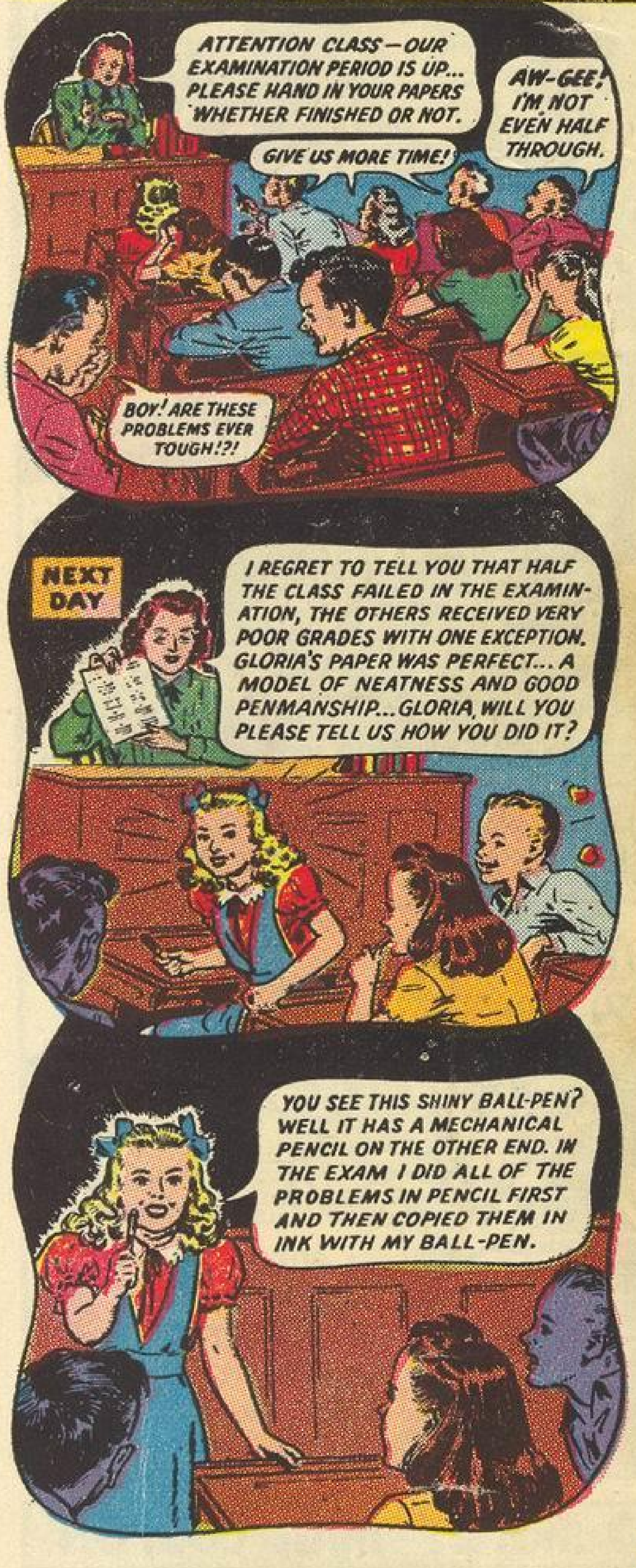
$4

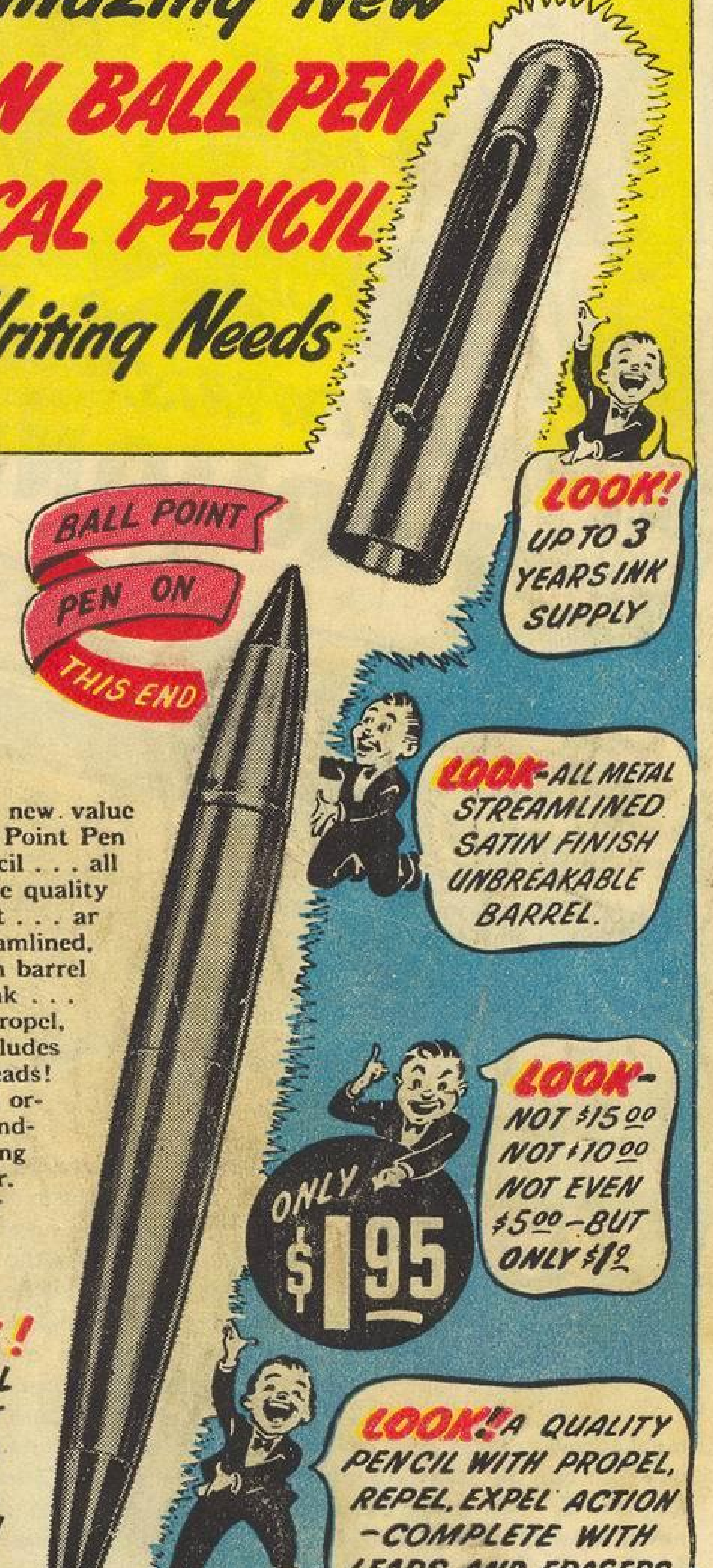
BOYS!— GIRLS!—

Here's An Amazing New COMBINATION BALL PEN and MECHANICAL PENCIL that meets ALL Your Writing Needs


ATTENTION CLASS—OUR EXAMINATION PERIOD IS UP... PLEASE HAND IN YOUR PAPERS WHETHER FINISHED OR NOT.
AW-GEE! I'M NOT EVEN HALF THROUGH.
GIVE US MORE TIME!
BOY! ARE THESE PROBLEMS EVER TOUGH!?!
NEXT DAY
I REGRET TO TELL YOU THAT HALF THE CLASS FAILED IN THE EXAMINATION, THE OTHERS RECEIVED VERY POOR GRADES WITH ONE EXCEPTION. GLORIA'S PAPER WAS PERFECT... A MODEL OF NEATNESS AND GOOD PENMANSHIP... GLORIA, WILL YOU PLEASE TELL US HOW YOU DID IT?
YOU SEE THIS SHINY BALL-PEN? WELL IT HAS A MECHANICAL PENCIL ON THE OTHER END. IN THE EXAM I DID ALL OF THE PROBLEMS IN PENCIL FIRST AND THEN COPIED THEM IN INK WITH MY BALL-PEN.

SEND NO MONEY! Just Mail Coupon! Satisfaction Guaranteed or Your Money Refunded PLUS ONE DOLLAR EXTRA FOR YOUR TIME AND TROUBLE!

Accept this sensational new value . . . a combination Ball Point Pen and a Mechanical Pencil . . . all for only $1.95. Note the quality features shown at right . . . ar all-metal pen . . . streamlined, unbreakable, satin finish barrel . . . 3 year supply of ink . . . automatic pencil with propel, repel, expel action includes eraser and supply of leads! These are features you ordinarily look for in pen-and-pencil combinations selling for many dollars higher. Now it's all yours for only $1.95. Mail coupon today.


BALL POINT PEN ON THIS END
LOOK! UP TO 3 YEARS INK SUPPLY
LOOK-ALL METAL STREAMLINED SATIN FINISH UNBREAKABLE BARREL.
ONLY $1.95
LOOK-NOT $15.00 NOT $10.00 NOT EVEN $5.00-BUT ONLY $1.95
LOOK! A QUALITY PENCIL WITH PROPEL, REPEL, EXPEL ACTION -COMPLETE WITH LEADS AND ERASERS
MECHANICAL PENCIL ON THIS END

GIRLS-BOYS! MAKE YOUR SCHOOL WORK PLEASANT EASY, QUICK WITH THIS WONDERFUL COMBINATION PEN AND PENCIL!

DON'T SEND A PENNY. Pay postman only $1.95 plus C.O.D. postage when package arrives. Try this pen and pencil ten days. If you're not 100% delighted with the "buy" you've made . . . just return it. Martin King will not only refund your purchase price in full . . . HE WILL PAY YOU ONE DOLLAR EXTRA FOR YOUR TIME AND TROUBLE.

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MAIL COUPON NOW!

THE PENMAN, Dept. 54 L
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Send me 1948 Ball Point Pen and Mechanical Pencil unit. When package arrives, I will pay postman $1.95 plus C.O.D. postage. If I am not 100% satisfied, I will return it for my $1.95.

Name______________________________
(print plainly)

Street ______________________________

City________________ Zone ________ State______